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The Ultimatum to Japan

Japan has now replied to the similar and simultaneous notes sent by the United States, Great Britain and France asking her to say by February 20 whether she is building battleships larger than 35,000 tons and cruisers larger than 10,000 tons. Evidently much disturbed by the extraordinary tone of this challenge and its quite unnecessary fifteen-day time limit, the Japanese have already replied informally. A Foreign Office spokesman has said: "Recently it has been reported in foreign cables that Japan is building battleships of 43,000 tons, but there is at the moment no plan to construct battleships as reported in these cables." If this is not a denial, then we do not understand the meaning of language. We take it for granted that the naval race will go on, whatever Japan does or doesn't say or do. What concerns us now is the sudden truculent tone toward Japan, the apparent willingness to risk a grave incident without any real necessity. This fits in nicely with the reports from Washington, discussed in another column, that the United States government has determined to bully Japan into behaving. It is a policy that combines a maximum of danger with a minimum probability of success.

Britain Threatens Italy

British tempers are cooler than ours. If Japan had within a few days sunk two American ships and killed eleven people in doing so, we can imagine the uproar in Washington and throughout the country. England has sustained such a loss, through activities by a submarine and two bombing airplanes, nominally Franco's but actually, as all the world knows, Italian. Under this provocation, the British government shows a degree of imperturbability that strongly suggests its heart is really with the Spanish Rebels and their Fascist friends. True, Foreign Secretary Eden has announced that retaliatory measures will be taken and that submerged submarines will be attacked on sight. At the same time, however, announcements are made of new Anglo-Italian negotiations, and the press of Rome openly gloats that the British, frightened by developments in Germany, will do almost anything to keep Italian friendship. In this, unhappily, Rome appears to be correct. The purge in Germany, while not quite so sweeping as the first dispatches suggested, does look like a victory for the extremists and a removal of some of the Reichswehr's cautionary influence. It would not be surprising to see a great increase in German aid to the Spanish Rebels, coupled with a similar increase by Italy, in the hope of a knockout victory in the next few months.

The NLRB Under Fire

Senator Burke's demand for an investigation of the NLRB turned out to be a good deal of a boomerang. At the inquiry before the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Burke's wild charges were quietly and efficiently disposed of. The NLRB's chairman, J. Warren Madden, not only proved many of the criticisms false, but took the opportunity to present a number of facts

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that have had virtually no mention in the daily press; that the Board has won ninety-six of the ninety-seven injunction suits brought against it, that its orders have been upheld in eighteen out of twenty Circuit Court of Appeals decisions and that the Court has approved of every one of the one hundred and sixty-two instances in which the Board's assumption of jurisdiction was questioned. The blare of publicity unfavorable to the Board has quieted down, the Senate has had a chance to learn something of the good work that is being done and the drive to emasculate the National Labor Relations Act has at least been temporarily stopped.

Homer Martin and the Communists

A great deal has been heard lately about Communists in the American labor movement. Most of it has come from people hostile to trade unionism itself and seeking any and every means by which to discredit it in the eyes of the uninformed public to whom the word "Communist" means a horned devil breathing fire. In this category we should put the hullabaloo in the daily press because the United Mine Workers failed to remove from their constitution a forgotten clause of years ago, forbidding membership to Communists. More important was Homer Martin's attack on Communists in his union, the United Automobile Workers. Mr. Martin charged them with calling unauthorized strikes, with violations of agreements, with diversion of funds for outside activities and with trying to drag the United States into war. We are sorry that he did not choose to make his accusations more specific. He should have given places, dates and names in making charges so serious as these.

Several hundred unauthorized strikes have taken place, and the UAW itself has heretofore attributed them to provocative tactics by foremen trained and encouraged in the past by the owners to make trouble for unions. As for "diversion of funds," this is apparently the voting of contributions to aid the Spanish Loyalists and for similar causes. Any union local obviously has a right to do this, and neither Mr. Martin nor anyone else can stop it. The same thing is true of individuals' attitude toward war. We disagree with the Communist doctrine of collective security, but it is monstrous to say that an automobile worker is not entitled to hold any view he pleases on foreign policy and every other public question.

Before the country gets too excited about radicalism in trade unions, let it remember a few facts: 1. Hardly any of the top leaders in American unionism, including the CIO, are radicals. 2. Small groups in disagreement on political issues always tend to overemphasize their own importance and that of other small groups to which they are opposed. 3. Most of the quarrels within trade unions have to do with legitimate and proper union activities, and by no stretch of the imagination can be brought into the realm of political theory. What is important about Mr. Martin's opponents in the UAW is not their political complexion, but whether they are right.

Registering Aliens

Branding the union man as an "alien" or a "foreigner" is a familiar device to combat labor organization, and we are not surprised to learn that Canton, Ohio, is considering a city ordinance which would require the registration of all aliens over twenty-one. They would have to be fingerprinted, pay a dollar fee every six months for an identification card and furnish photographs of themselves to the registration agency. The penalty for not having a card would be $500 and the mayor could refuse, at his own discretion, either to issue a card or to renew it at the end of the six months' period. Mayor James Seccombe, Republican, fresh from his defeat of the Democratic CIO and Labor candidate, Darrell D. Smith, proposed the ordinance. In several recent speeches Mayor Seccombe has talked about the "foreigners and communists" in the labor movement; he has boasted in Mayor-Hague style that he intends to clean them out, and Canton's "patriotic" societies (Molly Pitcher Council, Daughters of America, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, Sons and Daughters of Liberty, Ku Klux Klan, Lone Star Social Club, etc.) have voiced their warm approval. Undoubtedly Canton's manufacturers of iron, steel and automobile parts are just as favorable, in a comparatively quiet way, to the proposal. If the alien-registration scheme passes, union men in the city will be at the mercy of the local authorities.

The TVA Confronts a Foe

It was a great liberal victory when Representative Lister Hill last month defeated old Tom Heflin for the United States senatorship from Alabama. The bad part of this victory was that Mr. Hill's post as chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee descended by routine to Mr. Andrew Jackson May of Kentucky. The Military Affairs Committee has charge of all legislation concerned with the TVA, and Mr. May is perhaps the most vengeful enemy that the TVA has in Congress. It may be recalled that in 1935, during the fight over the death-sentence clause of the holding-company act, Mr. Maury Maverick trapped Mr. May into an admission that Mr. C. A. Beasley, counsel of the Alabama Power Company, was snugly installed in Mr. May's own office. The Alabama Power Company is one of the chief subsidiaries of the Commonwealth and Southern, whose president, Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, is now attacking the TVA with every possible weapon. Mr. May has recently been trying to have the prospective congressional investigation of the TVA handed over to his Military Affairs Committee. It is reported that this

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scheme has been scotched by the stiff protest of House liberals, under the leadership of the maverick Representative from Texas.

Good News from Mississippi

Jim Wiggins, a Negro sharecropper, worked on the cotton plantation of J. S. Decker in Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, and he was afraid of his boss. Last July he and his common-law wife ran away. In a federal district court at Clarksdale, Wiggins testified that the planter traced the couple to the home of a relative, forced them to return at the point of a gun and chained them to a tree. Later he took them to another plantation and tried to sell them for $175, which he claimed they owed him. They fled a second time, only to be recaptured the next day. After a third escape, Wiggins went to Harry Dogan, the sheriff of the county.

Sheriff Harry Dogan, called to the witness stand, testified that he went to Decker's plantation and found Wiggins' wife chained to a bed. She told him, he said, that Decker had chained her five times, had beaten her, and that Mrs. Decker had forced her at gun-point to hoe cotton. . . . Decker was convicted of peonage and was immediately sentenced to three years in federal prison and fined $1,000.

Tallahatchie County lies chiefly in the bottoms of the Yazoo River in the northwestern part of Mississippi. It is no news that peonage still prevails in many parts of the cotton belt, as well as in the lumber and turpentine camps of Florida. But it is news, and good news, when a Southern jury convicts a planter of peonage and when the judge gives him a sentence that is proportioned to the offense. The South is beginning to take more steps toward curing its own ills than is generally realized in the rest of the country.

The Miners' Right to Strike

District Judge Fred L. Wham's decision against the Progressive Miners of America is almost certain to precipitate a bitter legal battle involving the basic rights of organized labor. In his recent judgment in East St. Louis, Illinois, he awarded $117,000 to the United Electric Coal Company for losses of profits, overhead and shutdown expenses caused by the strike of the Progressive Miners between April 1, 1933, and February 11, 1936, at the Red Ray mine, Freeburg, Illinois. If the decision stands, the amount must be paid by seven locals of the union and sixty-six of its individual members. Judge Wham writes that "employees have the right to strike or quit work at any time," but he proceeds to draw a distinction between a lawful strike and a "conspiracy to prevent production"—a distinction which could easily destroy the effectiveness of the strike as labor's most important weapon. Even if it is possible to distinguish between "lawful" and "unlawful" coercion in legal theory, such a differentiation becomes pointless once an industrial conflict is under way. Violence and coercion are generally used by both sides; it is meaningless to pass moral judgments against either party. Once the principle is established, however, that the court may decide between proper and improper use of coercion and hold the strikers responsible for profit losses suffered by the company in an "improper" strike, the unions may abandon hope of ever getting a strike vote. The individual union member would not dare assume the risk involved. If the decision is not reversed by the courts themselves, Congress must clear up the area of confusion by legislation that will exactly define the responsibility of trade unions.

News Notes of a Week

February 20 seems likely to be a date of historic importance. It is the time limit named in the ultimatum of the United States, Great Britain and France to Japan demanding to know her naval building plans. It is also the day selected by Hitler for what is described as an important speech, which will in part be a reply to President Roosevelt's animadversions against dictators. . . . In China, the fighting seemed fairly inconclusive during the week ending February 8. The Chinese, largely by use of guerilla tactics, were surprisingly successful in holding back the Japanese troops in North Central China. Terrorism and looting by the Japanese in Nanking brought an official rebuke which helped destroy the myth that Japanese soldiers are models of discipline. . . . Hard fighting in Spain resulted in unsubstantiated reports of some Rebel victories north of Teruel. A large group of distinguished Americans asked President Roosevelt to protest, in the name of humanity, the wholesale slaughter of innocent civilians by Franco's airplanes.

At home, the President's conference of small business men came and went. As should have been expected, they proved to have no ideas different from those of the big business men whom they admire and imitate. . . . Plans were suggested for a great transcontinental highway which would have military as well as economic value and would be an extremely useful public project in the present depression. Supporters of the proposal were not disconcerted by President Roosevelt's observation that he favors only self-liquidating projects, since such a highway could easily be a toll road until its cost had been amortized. . . . The A. F. of L. executive committee finally expelled three CIO unions—the United Mine Workers, the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers and the Flat Glass Workers. . . . A special committee appointed by Mayor LaGuardia reported that home-relief allowances in New York City are 40 percent below a maintenance standard and 15 to 25 percent below an emergency standard. They are, however, higher than those in any other large American city.

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What Is the Navy For?

IN A RECENT INTERVIEW for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, Dr. Charles A. Beard, the eminent American historian, said: "In comparison with this naval program the battle over the NRA and the reorganization of the judiciary sink into triviality." No more important issue has come before the American people since Mr. Roosevelt has been President. That is because the navy is an instrument of foreign policy. The kind and size of navy we have ought to depend on the kind of foreign policy we have. The navy the President wants therefore probably indicates the foreign policy he has in mind. Even if this were not the case, our policy would be interpreted by others in the light of our naval establishment; a belligerent navy inevitably calls forth belligerency in them and leads us in the direction toward which it seems to be aimed.

The building called for in the new program was at the beginning described as sufficient to give us a 20-percent increase in naval power. As a matter of fact, the Vinson bill will increase our fighting forces on the sea by between 50 and 60 percent. Whereas the present strength in "under-age" vessels is 919,000 tons, the bill authorizes a total tonnage in "under-age" ships of 1,517,000. Moreover, since the government is no longer under the obligation imposed by the limitation treaties to scrap older vessels, plans are prepared for modernizing capital ships and aircraft carriers which have reached the age limit. The new ships will be net additions to the fleet rather than replacements.

In effect, the new program will give us a ratio of two to one in relation to Japan instead of the old five-to-three standard, even if the new Japanese building program, including three new super-battleships, has been approved. The treaty ratio of 5-5-3 assured Japan that Great Britain and the United States, while amply protected against assault by her, could not attack her in Asiatic waters, at least not without uniting against her their whole strength. The new American navy would go far to remove this assurance. It fits exactly the formula propounded by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling (retired) at a Foreign Policy Association luncheon in New York, which held that since we might become engaged in a war with Japan, we should have a navy twice as large as hers.

The defense of the program in the House Committee hearings by Admiral Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations, is something less than ingenuous. He asserted that such a big navy is required merely for adequate defense of our coasts, because we must have a large enough force to repel all comers in the Atlantic and the Pacific at the same time, without counting upon sending ships through the Panama Canal. He also mentioned that we might have to protect South America from European aggressors. But all this is unrealistic nonsense. What enemy with a large navy would possibly attack our Atlantic Coast? Does Admiral Leahy expect a war with Great Britain while Japan is attacking us in the west? Or with France? Of course he doesn't. Does he think the German navy would sally forth and conquer Brazil? Such ideas are fantastic, as any naval expert knows, to say nothing of those who have the vaguest idea of the present world situation. The truth is that a navy designed solely for defense of our coasts would be quite a different sort of thing from that now projected. The new ships are planned to fight in any part of the world, to carry on aggressive warfare. There is only one potential enemy against whom they could be required. If the new and giant navy is not intended to enable us to defeat Japan in Asia, with the possible help of Great Britain, it is completely useless and a foolish extravagance.

We are glad to note that a few Representatives and Senators are bestirring themselves to ask the administration what it thinks its foreign policy is, and what its understandings with Great Britain are. The country ought not to be bamboozled into this perilous and expensive adventure without knowing why. Does the President intend to threaten to fight Japan in her home waters? If he does, is that a policy that the people of the United States desire? If he does not, what is the sense of having not only the biggest navy in the world, but one twice the size of the Japanese? It would be a costly toy.

There is an even more urgent need for such pressure for frank information. The Department of State, with the obvious encouragement of the President, is day by day adopting a stiffer attitude toward the Japanese government. We hear continual rumors of projected naval action to enforce embargoes against Japan or to protect shipments of arms to China. Incredible as it may seem, there is a real danger that the President may take some forcible measure in the Far East even before we have a navy big enough to back it up. The President, while applying the Neutrality Act to the civil war in Spain, where we are not in the least danger of becoming involved, stubbornly refuses to apply it to the great war in Asia. Secretary Hull continues to argue that we cannot withdraw our citizens from the zone of battle or fail to protect them or their interests from the hostile armies. He talks, in large generalities, about supporting "orderly processes" in international affairs. It is high time that the American citizens who do not want to be led by the nose into another foreign war ask where all this is tending.

We believe that a large majority of the voters are still opposed to taking the risk of having to fight abroad for any reason whatsoever—even for such new and high-sounding slogans as enforcing "collective security." But if they are to make their will effective, they must make their voices heard. The administration is, by its every act in the present crisis, leading them

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into a position from which it will be impossible to withdraw. Meanwhile the new war propaganda grows apace, from idealistic sources with good intentions as well as from interested parties. Let us all ask some pointed questions in Washington—by individual letter or telegram if there is no better way.

What is the big navy for?

Is the administration preparing to fight Japan?

Why is not the Neutrality Act enforced?

Are we getting ready to pull Britain's chestnuts out of the fire?

Behind the Nazi Purge

WHAT HAS HAPPENED in Germany? It will be a long time before we know exactly, and historians may be disputing about the facts long after their immediate consequences have sunk out of sight in the stream of events. It is possible, however, to guess a good deal concerning what lies behind the crisis that followed Marshal von Blomberg's marriage to his secretary.

The objection of high army officers to the former War Minister on the ground of this mesalliance was of course merely an occasion seized to express a far more fundamental conflict. The Reichswehr has, from the very beginning of the Nazi regime, held aloof from the National Socialists. The tradition is that it is "above politics." The army supported Hitler when he acceded to power, and has done so ever since, because only through him could Germany seize the chance to rearm. But this support was quite a different thing from readiness to be swallowed up in a totalitarian regime. Again and again the army has demonstrated its independence. It demanded, and obtained, the dissolution of the Brown Shirts as an independent armed force professing personal loyalty to *der Führer*. It will not allow soldiers to become members of the Nazi Party or to discuss politics. It opposes the new pagan religion, and supports the traditions of the old German church. With great care it has safeguarded its power as a separate agency which may, if necessary, withdraw the favor which it has bestowed. It distrusted von Blomberg because he was Hitler's mouthpiece in the war office, and took the first occasion to get rid of him.

In addition to maintaining the general principle of remaining aloof, the army has quietly objected to some of Hitler's more dangerous policies. Naturally the full facts have not been published or authenticated, but there is good evidence that this is true. We are used to thinking of military men as spoiling for war and ready to rush into adventures at a moment's notice. On the contrary, however, responsible officers often are more conservative in this respect than are politicians. The German army caste in particular remember the defeat in the last war and do not want to run the risk of another similar experience. They do not, of course, object to fighting a war that they can win, but they want to wait for a favorable opportunity and they want to be sure that the opposition will not be overpowering. They were extremely nervous about the reoccupation of the Rhineland, and it is believed that they were ready to withdraw at the first sign of armed resistance by France. It is probable that they prevented Hitler from giving more aid to Franco than he has done. They are troubled about the weakness of Germany in the raw materials necessary to fight a long war. They distrust Italy, and believe Japan an ally of dubious value.

The first impression based on the news of the "purge" in the army and the diplomatic corps was that Hitler, aware of the army's uncertain support, had seized the occasion of its objection to von Blomberg's marriage in order to clean house and establish his control with such firmness that there would no longer be any question of supremacy. It is true that the aggressive aspects of foreign policy are emphasized by calling Joachim von Ribbentrop, the sponsor of the anti-Communist pact, from London to be Foreign Minister, and by recalling Fritz von Papen from Vienna. But closer examination of the changes in the army does not reveal any real overturn in the preëxisting alignment. It was rumored that Goering, Hitler's right-hand man, was to be War Minister, but he was passed over for Hitler himself. With so many other duties, Hitler's control of the army must be rather remote, and scarcely more effective than it was before. The new commanding generals are, moreover, of the old Prussian school and are no more infected with radical Nazi ideas than were the old ones.

It is scarcely likely that these changes have materially altered the army tradition or the opinions of its officers, or that the military caste will now be subservient to the Nazi philosophy. They may be a little more cautious about expressing their independence, but the rift certainly has not ceased to exist. It may even be that Hitler himself is not too anxious to give all power to his party, but rather is using his old technique of keeping himself on top by balancing opposed forces.

What is sure is that the outside world has for a moment been allowed a glimpse of the divisions hidden behind the totalitarian front, divisions that are as certain to exist in a dictatorship as in a democracy. These divisions are too deep-seated, and too well justified by the difficulties within Germany, to be exorcised. It may be, of course, that Hitler with his new façade of control will now launch a still more adventurous policy. It is also possible, however, that having won a technical victory over open opposition, he will adopt a line more close to that of his defeated opponents. In either case his position is fundamentally insecure, and Nazi Germany is weaker in fact than she appears to the superficial observer.

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"Equal Rights" for Women?

FOR MANY YEARS the National Woman's Party has been advocating an amendment to the Constitution. This proposal, if it went through, would remove all discrimination before the law in favor of or against women. The exact wording is: "Section I. Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction. Section II. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

We do not question the sincerity of those who have fought long and earnestly to have this proposal approved by Congress and submitted to the people. They are able and patriotic and are convinced that the removal of restrictions would do much more good than harm. At the same time we must recognize the existence of serious and widespread doubts regarding the wisdom of the proposal. These doubts have caused opposition to it by the National League of Women Voters, Young Women's Christian Association, National Consumers' League, the Council of Jewish Women, Women's Trade Union League, National Council of Catholic Women, American Federation of Teachers and others.

Some of these doubts concern the meaning of the proposal. Critics of the plan ask whether it is suggested that the United States shall make laws for all of the states on all of the subjects as to which there is now differentiation between the sexes. If this is proposed, it would mean an invasion of "states' rights" more serious than has ever heretofore been suggested. It might be argued that the states ought to pass appropriate legislation if this amendment were adopted. But what if the legislatures of certain states neglected or willfully refused to do so?

Another question that arises is the meaning of the word "equal." Where there are different standards, should we adopt the men's or the women's? For example, would wives be made responsible for their husbands' support? What about laws on "the age of consent"? Would it be necessary for all the states to pass identical laws as to inheritance, property rights, marriage and divorce?

Opponents of the measure further point out that it seeks to impose a simple and drastic solution for a complicated situation. As Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard Law School says: "The legal position of woman cannot be stated in a single, simple formula, because her life cannot be expressed in a single, simple relation. Woman's legal status necessarily involves complicated formulation, because a woman occupies many relations. The law must have regard for woman in her manifold relations as an individual, as a wage-earner, as a wife, as a mother, as a citizen."

Among the state laws which would, apparently, be invalidated as soon as this amendment went into effect are many of the most important statutes in the field of social legislation. In most states laws setting a maximum work week have been passed for women only, since in the old days the courts regularly threw out such laws when they applied to men. The same is true of minimum-wage statutes. All provision for mothers' pensions, widows' pensions, care for expectant mothers, and the like, would, in the opinion of legal authorities, be ended. It is suggested that many of these laws could be repassed as covering both sexes, but it is far from certain that this could be done, particularly if the present depression should prove long continued. Social legislation fares ill in hard times. Fear has been expressed that this proposal, if carried, might prove to be another prohibition amendment, so widely nullified as to be ineffective and to bring the law into contempt. It is argued that many of the inequalities suffered by women are psychological rather than legal.

Advocates of the equal-rights amendment sometimes argue that restrictions on women's work prevent them from getting jobs. Every time a proposal comes up in a state legislation for a prohibition on night work by women, or for a limited working day or a minimum wage, opponents bring forward some woman who tells the committee tearfully that she will lose her job if this bill is passed. Careful nationwide studies of the Women's Bureau at Washington show, however, that this is not true. Women do not lose their jobs because of restrictive legislation; on the contrary, the states with the most drastic laws show the highest proportion of employed women.

These arguments are not necessarily conclusive in regard to so novel a proposal as the equal-rights amendment. The hearings that began this week in Washington should be continued until both Congress and the country have had time to think it over.

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Instead of Battleships

MR. ROOSEVELT has put before Congress a naval-building program that will cost from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. For this money, we shall get some seventy-two vessels, including three battleships. The latter will cost about $65,000,000 apiece. Undoubtedly they will all be fine ships, able to outsail and outshoot the Japanese, or whatever country we go to war with.

Most of us will find pleasure in watching future newsreels of these gray, wallowing monsters, and in reflecting that we belong to a national group that can beat the liver-lights out of any other national group on earth. This is a satisfaction worth money. But before we commit ourselves to spending a billion for warships, perhaps we ought to see what else we might buy for the same money.

The alternatives, of course, are theoretically endless. Here we propose to confine ourselves to public-works projects that have been investigated, and approved, by the federal government. Detailed plans for all these projects either are in existence or could be put together almost immediately.

A year and a half ago—in the spring of 1936—the fate of the PWA was still under debate. Many public officials hoped that it would be continued on its previous scale. Accordingly, agencies of the federal government, the states and municipalities placed before Mr. Ickes lists of possible projects. These lists were painstakingly sifted by the PWA engineers. Final approval was withheld from the federal group. But more than 5,000 non-federal projects were passed, calling for an expenditure of about a billion dollars—approximately the amount Mr. Roosevelt is asking for naval building.

This list of future PWA projects has never been made public. At the session of Congress a year ago, several Senators and Representatives tried to get a peek at it. They were rebuffed, on orders from Mr. Roosevelt. Later, a few of them were permitted to view the list under pledge of secrecy. This excessive caginess on the administration's part gives rise to curious reflections. Administration spokesmen frankly admit that, since the PWA list contained urgently needed improvements for every section of the country, no power under Heaven could have prevented its being authorized by Congress, once its contents were generally known. The administration was terrified lest this happen and upset its budget-balancing plans. However, if Mr. Roosevelt had not succeeded in sitting on the lid of congressional inquisitiveness, we might very well today be in the midst of a great public-works program. There would have been a smaller margin of governmental credit available for naval armaments, and, with the country busily at work conserving and developing its physical and human resources, there might not have been any wish for them.

As we have already noted, the PWA list is still a state secret. But there are several ways of determining, with reasonable accuracy, what it contains. Back in 1931, Congress established a six-year plan, partly in unacknowledged imitation of the Soviet Union's Five Year Plan. Not much was done about it under Mr. Hoover's regime, nor in the first tumultuous months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. But in the spring of 1936—at the same time the PWA's program was being made up—Mr. Roosevelt commanded the National Resources Committee, under Mr. Frederick A. Delano, Mr. Roosevelt's uncle, to prepare a second six-year plan. The Committee's report was published about a year ago. It is widely suspected that large portions of it exactly parallel the PWA's secret list. It is more extensive than the PWA list, since it includes federal as well as non-federal schemes. In all, it comprises some 10,000 projects. It is estimated they would take six years to complete and would cost $5,040,000,000. The first year's cost would be $1,058,568,650.

A large section of the report is devoted to the country's river basins. As the report makes clear, we have the engineering knowledge to end erosion and floods, to prevent disease-breeding pollution, to create great additional amounts of hydro-electric power. The National Resources Committee had before it the findings of one hundred and twenty-seven engineering investigations, and its report forms a master-plan for the permanent development of our river systems.

The projects are tabulated by water basin and community. You need only to turn to the area where you live to find out exactly what ought to be done, or might be done, to make your daily surroundings pleasanter, more healthful or easier to earn a living in. From curiosity, this writer looked up the Middletown of the Lynds. He found: "Drainage basin: Wabash. Project description: Anderson, Muncie, Newcastle and Noblesville, Indiana, sewage-treatment plants. Estimated cost: $3,000,000. Remarks: Plans ready; need imperative." The cost of these three plants would be about equal to a gun turret of a battleship. If you were a Middletown voter, which would you prefer?

The grimness of this notation is underscored by the report's discussion of the Ohio Valley, of which the Wabash basin forms a part. The Ohio River system carries the sewage produced by 6,500,000 persons, less than 30 percent of which receives any treatment whatever. ". . . This grossly polluted water, after filtration, is used as drinking water by 2,500,000 people. . . ."

The report's list of water-basin projects is divided

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into three groups. Group A-1 consists of additional engineering studies, to cost an estimated $20,000,000. Group A-2 consists of urgently needed construction work. The sum of $1,727,000,000 would be required for initial appropriations, with another $600,000,000 for completion. Group B is composed of projects that might be temporarily postponed. They would cost $1,024,000,000 to start with, and another $400,000,000 before they were finished. For about four billions, in other words, we could largely solve the country's water-basin problems, and bring ourselves up to the level of civilization reached by pre-history Egyptians and Sumerians. Instead, Mr. Roosevelt proposes that we toss away a quarter of this amount on warships.

The next great category of projects in the report has to do with agriculture and roadbuilding. Here details of the projects are omitted. However, most of the projects were originally examined and approved by the Department of Agriculture, from whose recent announcements it is possible to judge their character.

The total cost of projects submitted by the Department of Agriculture is understood to be about $2,500,000,000. In dollar value, the most important group is highways. The engineering technique for constructing virtually accident-proof automobile roads is now known. Most of the more than 35,000 lives lost each year in motor accidents could be saved. No real estimate has ever been made of what the cost of a nation-wide system of such roads would amount to. The bare construction cost would run from $100,000 to $200,000 a mile, but the price of land, especially near big cities, would shoot this up enormously. So would grade crossings, cloverleaf turns and proper lighting for night driving, especially the new, fog-piercing sodium lights. The Bureau of Public Roads plans nothing so spectacular as this. It wants merely to build roads rapidly enough to keep pace with the increasing number of automobiles, so that congestion and accidents will at least not grow worse.

After exhaustive experiments, another Department of Agriculture agency, the Soil Conservation Bureau, believes it has proved that "marching deserts" caused by erosion can be halted. In the Texas Panhandle, it has already transformed wind-rippled sand dunes into fertile crop land. Eroded fields can be restored at a cost from a few cents to five dollars an acre. According to informed estimates, $500,000,000, or half what Mr. Roosevelt wants for naval construction, would provide erosion control for the entire country.

The Forest Service is understood to be asking for funds for fire lanes and observation posts to reduce the hazards of forest fires. It wants to replant thousands of denuded hillsides. Under the brilliant Chief Forester, Mr. F. A. Silcox, it is now completing a survey of the nation's forest lands, and will soon have ready a comprehensive plan for the preservation of all forest resources. An allied program for the rehabilitation of 3,000,000 acres of hunting and fishing preserves has been prepared by the Biological Survey.

The Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine is supposed to be asking for the relatively measly sum of $5,000,000, for which it pledges itself to eradicate permanently the Dutch-elm disease, the white-pine blister, the black-wheat rust and the peach mosaic, the four worst insect blights we now have. It believes it could do the job so that it would never need to be done again. The elimination of these pests would save the country many times the cost of the program.

These two categories of projects are the largest in the government's future public-works program. A third great category has to do with big-city streets, parks and playgrounds. Those are all concerned with physical things. There are smaller categories that have to do with people, and, although they involve much less money, they are perhaps even worse needed. The Bureau of Public Health, for example, is now in the midst of a campaign to stamp out venereal disease. Without waiting for public-works funds, it has put its needs directly before Congress in the La Follette-Bulwinkle bill. This calls for an appropriation of $3,000,000 in the next fiscal year, $6,000,000 in 1940, $12,000,000 in 1941, and $25,000,000 in each of twelve succeeding years. These appropriations amount roughly to the cost of four battleships, and, according to the Bureau of Public Health, would virtually end venereal disease in the United States. The Bureau points out that we now spend $31,400,000 annually for the care of those syphilis has made insane and about $10,000,000 for those it has blinded.

The Bureau this year is spending $80,000 on research on cancer. This sum, of course, would scarcely suffice to buy the necessary soap and polish for the main battle fleet. The Bureau would like to spend several times as much. Many medical authorities think that we are now close to the final mystery in cancer research, and that with adequate funds it could be solved.

Perhaps most moving of all is the case of the Children's Bureau, which is hesitatingly agitating for funds to reduce the rate of maternal mortality. A great deal has been said lately about the importance of battleships in defending our national honor. It is a fair question to ask what honor a community can have when it is too stingy to give its womenfolk decent care at childbirth.

We have been told by newspapers that the United States is a rich country, and—unlike Germany, Italy and Japan—can afford a great naval program and never miss the money. It isn't true. We are not obliged, perhaps, to choose literally between cannon and butter, but we do have to choose between battleships, which are dead economic waste, and the several thousand public-works projects now locked up in Washington which in many cases would be revenue-producing, and in every case would make this country healthier and more civilized.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

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85,000 Victims of Progress

WHILE the steel industry is operating at around 30 percent of capacity, the shops of the Mesta Machine Company and the United Engineering and Foundry Company, the two major producers of steel labor-saving equipment, are operating at 100 percent of capacity. The continuous hot-strip mill, the most effective labor-saving device ever introduced in the steel industry, is the chief product of these two firms. Eighty-five thousand steel workers are being displaced permanently by the twenty-seven hot-strip mills these two firms have built since 1926. The "aristocrat of labor" who earns from $12 to $20 a day is being eliminated from the industry. Steel operators are not, however, lowering the prices of strip-mill products to increase their use and create work elsewhere to compensate for the 85,000 jobs eliminated by the increased efficiency of the mills.

If the jobs of the 85,000 steel workers in 50 different communities were wiped out in a single day, every newspaper would send its star reporter to these communities to write about the "85,000 victims of progress." But their jobs are taken from them gradually—1,000 in Clarksburg, West Virginia, one week; 1,500 in Portsmouth, Ohio, the next month; 1,400 in Weirton, West Virginia, and Steubenville, Ohio, a week later, etc. They join the ranks of the millions of unemployed, group by group, without so much as an obituary in the columns of the metropolitan press.

Steel-rolling-mill technique has been revolutionized. The old method requires the steel to be handled more than twenty-five times by hand tongs before it can be pickled (acid bath) and heat treated (annealed). In contrast, the hot-strip mill takes a 6,500-pound slab of steel out of the furnace automatically, removes the scale and rolls it into 1,000 feet of hot strip at the rate of a third of a mile (1,800 feet) a minute. The strip is coiled like thread on a spool, automatically placed on a continuous conveyor, and taken to be pickled and annealed. All this is done without one pair of hand tongs touching the steel. Only a handful of men are required to operate the electric control levers of the strip mill.

Labor Is Displaced.—The continuous strip mills reduce man-power 85 percent. Fifteen men on a strip mill can produce as much steel as 100 men on the hand-mills. The maximum annual capacity of the hand mills (sheet bar, heavy plate, sheet and black plate), before any were dismantled, was 15,500,000 tons. Approximately 125,000 men manned these hand mills under normal operations. The 27 hot-strip mills in operation or under construction have a maximum annual capacity of 14,000,000 tons and are manned by 15,000 men. The strip mills will not replace all of the hand mills because of technical operating problems. I was told by the president of a large steel company that around 20 percent of the hand-mill capacity, employing approximately 25,000 men, will be kept in operation to fill specialty and small tonnage orders. He added that 80 percent of the hand-mill capacity, normally employing 100,000 men, will be scrapped entirely when the 27 strip mills are in full operation. "Would you agree," I asked him, "that it is accurate to say 15,000 strip-mill workers can produce as much, if not more, than 100,000 men working on hand mills?"

He replied, "That's a conservative statement."

A man-hour comparison between a strip mill and hand mills with an equivalent tonnage shows a 97-percent reduction in man-power.

Are Jobs Created Elsewhere?—Spokesmen for the steel industry loudly proclaim that the increased efficiency of the strip mills reduces costs, which are passed on to the consumer in lower prices, which expand sales and develop new uses that in the end create enough jobs elsewhere to compensate for those eliminated by the strip mills. Everyone, of course, hopes this will be the case. So far, it has not happened.

1 In the first place, the reduced production costs are not passed on to the consumers of strip-mill products in lower prices. For example, the total labor cost required to produce a ton of tin plate, one of the major strip-mill products, is reduced 61 percent, or from $36 a ton on the hand mills to $14 a ton on a strip mill. If a substantial part of the $22 reduction in labor costs were converted into lower prices, conceivably new tin-plate uses might be developed to create jobs elsewhere. But a ton of tin plate sells for the same $117.70 today that it sold for in 1929. In 1936 one-fourth of the tin plate was produced on strip mills, and at the rate hand mills are being dismantled today, more than one-half will be produced on strip mills during 1938. Tin-plate prices for the first nine months of 1938 have already been announced at the same $117.70 a ton.

2 Second, part of the reduced production costs the strip mill makes possible is used to pay for the mill itself. A strip mill is expensive. Mr. C. R. Hook, president of the American Rolling Mill Company, estimates that $350,000,000 has been invested in the twenty-seven strip mills, or an average investment of $13,000,000 in each mill. The large capital investment required to build a strip mill is a contributing factor in maintaining the sales prices of strip-mill products.

Third, the prices of strip-mill products are sustained to produce higher net profits and fatter salary

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and bonus checks. The high net profits of the predominantly strip-mill operators like National Steel (E. T. Weir), Inland Steel and American Rolling Mill, the handsome salaries and bonuses of their executives and their depression records of never missing a dividend payment have been widely publicized.

Aristocrat of Labor Vanishes.—During the recent convention of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, Lawrence Corn grabbed me by the arm. He was excited: "The company is dismantling the sheet mills!" he shouted. Lawrence Corn is president of the local union in the sheet mills in Portsmouth, Ohio, where 1,500 men are normally employed. He has worked in these mills for twenty-four years. For seventeen years he has been a roller, "an aristocrat of labor." His company, the Wheeling Steel Corporation, had announced "it was no longer economical to operate the obsolete sheet mills." Lawrence Corn and his 1,499 fellow workers are through, and the mills requiring their skill are passing out of the picture. Two hundred and fifty strip-mill workers are producing in six months as many tons of sheets as the 1,500 Portsmouth men produced in a year.

A high-school graduate can learn how to operate the electric controls of a strip mill in three months, and for the next twenty years he need learn no more to keep his job. The vice-president of a steel firm told me that a hand-mill man has difficulty in adapting himself to a strip mill, and therefore he preferred to hire new men. He explained: "A hand-mill worker is used to producing ten tons in eight hours, and he can't get used to seeing 1,000 tons produced on a strip mill in the same time. We have to break in new men on the strip mills who have never seen a hand mill operate." Lawrence Corn spent seven years learning his trade as a roller on a hand mill. His passing from the scene argues more eloquently for the basic principles of the CIO than all of the speeches of CIO's many representatives.

Depressions Accelerate Labor-Saving Devices.—When business is good and steel is operating near full capacity, the steel operators pursue the policy of "letting well enough alone." It is when things get tough that they begin to introduce labor-saving equipment. Strip mills were first introduced in the steel industry in 1926, but the industry kept them to a minimum until 1930, when steel operations went into a tailspin. Since 1930 strip-mill capacity has increased 404 percent.

The boom of 1936 and 1937 saved the hand mills from being dismantled in wholesale fashion. When the industry was expanding in April of 1937 the problem was to find outlets for the new capacity. The steel trade was hopeful that the excess capacity would force a lowering in prices of strip-mill products, but now that a depression has set in, the excess capacity is being eliminated and prices are being maintained. The present problem is to find enough business to operate the new, efficient mills, and today the hand mills are being permanently closed down at an alarming rate. A total of 81 hand mills employing approximately 4,500 men have been abandoned in the past several weeks, and we can look forward to the dismantling of many more before the current depression has run its course.

The steel industry has never used all of its potential hand-mill and strip-mill capacity. The maximum annual capacity of the hand mills and strip mills in 1929 was 18,400,000 tons, and only 15,000,000 tons were produced. By the first of July, 1938, the steel industry will be capable of producing 26,000,000 tons, if no more hand mills are dismantled. In 1937, the best year since 1929, not more than 16,000,000 tons of strip steel, plate, sheets and black plate were consumed. The prospects for consumption of these products in 1938 indicate that considerably less will be consumed than in 1937. The dismantling of the hand mills will continue until only 20 percent, with an annual capacity of 3,000,000 tons, remain. Together with the strip mills, the steel industry will then have a yearly capacity of 17,000,000 tons of strip steel, plates, sheets and black plate, which is more than has ever been consumed in a single year. And if demand should ever exceed 17,000,000 tons, the hand mills will not be salvaged, but new strip-mill capacity will be added.

Congressional Investigation.—What will happen to these 85,000 victims of progress? Can something be done, or are they doomed to the relief rolls? Is the thirty-hour week the complete answer, or will it accelerate the adoption of still more labor-saving equipment? Can steel prices be lowered without adversely affecting steel wages? The recent convention of the SWOC demanded "a thoroughgoing survey of curtailed job opportunities in specific industries by the Congress of the United States." We must turn to Congress for such an investigation because industry refuses to reveal the necessary facts voluntarily. An investigation of this description will reveal:

1. How many jobs have been eliminated by technological advances in the major industries in recent years.

2. How many new jobs can be created by reducing prices of principal products which will encourage new uses and industries; for example, like low-cost prefabricated steel housing.

Finally, we shall be able to develop from the investigation's findings a comprehensive program to counteract technological unemployment. Or we shall learn that as long as there are millions of unemployed, able-bodied workers glutting the labor market, when a machine displaces a man, job opportunities are not provided for him elsewhere and he is a "victim of progress" within our economic system.

HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG

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Swing

"We played from the heart, what we felt."
—D. J. LAROCCA

THE ERA OF JAZZ MUSIC brings in a question of origins that to most Americans would seem easily answered. Where else could jazz have had its birth but in the Deep South? Scotland, perhaps? Or was it plagiarized from Beethoven and mutilated in an alley off Broadway? (The last possibility does have some application to the most popular jazz, but as far as the jazz strain itself is concerned, we can forget about the subsequent crimes of the Times Square district.) Merely to hear Louis Armstrong, with his trumpet pointed to the galleries, his triple-tonguing flights of tone and all, should be enough to dispel the notion of Scottish jazz; nevertheless Scottish folksongs did influence jazz creation indirectly, through the medium of American folk music, itself a potpourri of the music of diverse races and nationalities.

Although American Negro music was rooted in more than one source, its chief source was African Negro music. And chief among the many additional sources—this is why a spiritual may sound vaguely familiar to English ears—were the ballads, folksongs and hymns of the British Isles. With a natural musical ability and a flexible tradition, the Negro was able to employ elements seemingly diverse in the creation of the spirituals. The music of a simple ballad caught his ear. He repeated the tune, changing it somewhat and altering the words. Other singers took it up and eventually a spiritual was born, still showing evidence of derivation, but complete in itself. Rhythm in these spirituals was never forgotten, as it often is in their modern versions. The more solemn kind were accented with a slightly swaying motion from the head to the hips; others, known as ring-shouts, were sung to a stomping of feet and clapping of hands.

But common time, the four-four time which is the basic rhythm of jazz, is neither new nor African, nor can syncopation as such be laid at the door of any one race. All that can be said is that the jazz tendency to allow a play of diverse rhythms within the limits of common time—the diversity serving only to emphasize the basic beat, as the *vibrato* in violin playing departs slightly from the note so as to intensify it—is a heritage from Negro music.

Although Negro folk music was the main influence of jazz, it was not the only influence. It is chosen for illustrative purposes both because it is so generally associated with jazz and because its development follows a discernible pattern, involving considerable numbers of people. Coincidental with the development of Negro and white folk music in America there was a more broadly national strain, the popular music known as ragtime. When "Ol' Jim Crow" was first heard in the North—it had been taken from a bona-fide Negro folk tune—it was transformed by rural folk singers into the most famous of square-set tunes, "Turkey in the Straw," while in the urban centers it was regarded patronizingly, an excuse for new and risqué dance steps.

The emergence of the strain of folk music known as the blues became pronounced soon after the Civil War. The Negro began to sing about himself in relation to the oppressive environment of the nominally free South, and the blues far outnumbered such songs of freedom as "Many Thousands Go." In time the blues penetrated the country, and actually served to introduce the jazz era. As early as 1900 the phrase "jass it" was a request for the bawdy-house pianist to play what has since become known as a *hot* chorus. Alienated from the soil that had nourished it, and unwanted in the urban life already dominated by popular music, the folksong retreated to the honky-tonk.

Had the honky-tonk type of blues remained its sole development, jazz would consist of a broken-rhythm, whole-tone piano technique and nothing more. But in the folk music of the last century the guitar, the banjo, the mandolin, the fiddle, and some nondescript instruments had been employed to accompany the singer or to play for dances. With the blues, an instrument used in urban ragtime, the piano, was brought into folk music; also the cornet, the mouthpiece filed down as the pre-Armstrong method of arriving at high tones. Occasionally the clarinet appeared, played with improvisational freedom. The wide use of these instruments, plus jugs, washboards, trombones and traps, accentuated the urbanization of the blues and celebrated its marriage with ragtime. Utility, as exemplified by thimbles and washboard, whiskbrooms and suitcase, affected subsequent instrumental technique in the jazz field itself. It was thus that jazz, essentially of folk origin, broke down the barriers of regional folk music, coincident with the urbanization and industrialization of the country itself. Yet, except for some borrowings from folksong, hot-jazz expression was almost devoid of the lyrics so integral a part of most folk music. Early jazz tunes were created without words and dressed up with $25 lyrics for the carriage trade. It is interesting to note, however, that when hot singers first took in hand the popular song they drubbed its lyrics, satirizing the usually banal theme.

A surprising number of musicians, Negro and white, came from New Orleans and took part in the ear-music festival that preceded its precocious stepchild, "as written" jazz. It was in New Orleans that the first known jazz band originated. There, in 1909,

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Dominick James LaRocca organized a group called the Original Dixieland Band. The make-up of the band was more typical of the military than of ragtime and consisted of piano (Ragas); trombone (Edwards); cornet (LaRocca); clarinet (Shields); and traps (Sbarbaro). The members of the band were all white men, but nurtured in the ear-music tradition of street carnivals; none played from a written score; all had talent. The band played at christenings, neighborhood dances, prize fights, picnics at Milenberg and so forth. It was at one of these affairs that an enterprising manager heard them and promised them more of a return than that left in the "sugar can" by the dancers on their home grounds. He brought them to Chicago, where they were an overnight sensation: the sugar can, brought along for luck, clinked with cartwheels.

What made their music so sensational that it won a name of its own? The instrumentation was novel, but what counted most was what they were able to do with the instruments. They carried on in the tradition of the folksong, they "ad-libbed." The tune itself was the jumping-off place for a solo flight—variation on theme—or flights in complex formation. LaRocca had a poor memory for titles, even of his own famous compositions. His procedure, therefore, was to play a bar of the number, stomp out the time, and they were off. One night the band's manager heard an overenthusiastic dancer telling the band to "jass it up." The following day a banner was hung outside the Chicago café. It read, "The Original Dixieland 'Jass' Band."

Being the first emissaries of "a new kind of cacaphony" to come North, the Dixieland had the field practically to itself, and in New York this five-piece band made as much as $1,200 a night. In 1919 (handicapped by the death of Ragas), it went to London. While the Dixieland was at Rector's, one of the major attractions of London, the new music had taken root in the land of its birth. On the riverboats of the Mississippi, Joe (King) Oliver, leader of the Creole Jazz Band, and Louis (Satchel-Mouth) Armstrong, New Orleans orphan, did their spontaneous trumpeting. They had little esthetic following but tremendous mass support. Although the Dixieland outfit was the first to become famous, King Oliver's band had started out at about the same time in New Orleans—the fountainhead of street bands and valveless horns and the cradle of those sharp, satirical songs in the Creole patois. Both had started as street bands recruited from the ranks of amateurs—ear-music boys, workers who took to music but could not think in terms of conservatories. But the Dixieland was white and Oliver's was black; the Dixieland was quasi-brassband in set-up and the Creole band had a guitar or banjo and a bass.

The most important difference between them lay in the style. The Dixieland style assimilated breakdown, military and ragtime themes; its counterpoint was staccato and many-voiced, the patterns, seemingly wide open, floated on a rhythmic base. Cadenzas and importunate novelty effects found a restless place in the Dixieland's melodic pattern. The Creole band took over the nostalgic blues themes. Players worried the melodic line in turn; their counterpoint was close-knit and distinguished by overlapping patterns and a rolling, rocking rhythm. There was a definite forward surge which drove inevitably toward a finish—a definite swing. The King Oliver style, in fact, formed the basis of swing jazz, and Louis Armstrong is still around to expound it—to get him at his best, catch him in Harlem, where he plays to the people he comes from, the people who can't afford night-club prices and judge the music by the music, not the size of the check. Louis says, "Ladies and Gelmen, the Revrin Satchelmouth is going to swing a little number for you this evenin' "; he turns to the band, stomps his foot, and they are off. The patterns of his vocals are modeled on trumpet choruses but his vocal technique is (with modifications) that of the folk singer. And after the vocal—which is usually good, for Louis seldom "coasts" in Harlem—the master raises his golden horn and blasts chorus after chorus, the neck muscles taut, the trumpet standing jauntily up from one side of his mouth, the perspiration actually pouring from his face and he wiping it off with a handkerchief in one hand and his trumpet in the other.

When the river boats had put in at Davenport, a young musician in training had come to listen to the Negroes. He was Bix Beiderbecke, who had been born in Davenport and by the age of two managed "Yankee Doodle" on the piano, and after that had got a grounding in classical music, playing the piano in church but seeking out on its keyboard complements to such American phenomena as factory and steamboat whistles. On hearing jazz, he was irresistibly drawn toward it, and eventually went to LaRocca for technical advice on the ear-music cornet, learning to play the succinct trumpet passages of Dixieland recordings note by note. He had proved a natural genius to start with, having an unerring tonal and rhythmic sense. And so, about the time King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band was sending them at a Chicago drink and dance place, this young man was setting out to capture the world as the ad-libbing genius of the Original Wolverines. He arrived on the big time with Jean Goldkette's sensational band, and when that broke up went to Whiteman. Contrary to popular opinion, he could read and write music, but—since he improvised and since Whiteman by his own statement was aware that Bix could get more music into three notes than all the rest of the band on a full chorus—he was given blank spaces to play while with the Whiteman orchestra. When Bix came home, his father reported afterwards, he would talk so much about his admiration for the work of such other musicians as Red Nichols and

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Hoagy Carmichael that the folks never realized his own superlative qualities and fame. Bix died in 1931, at the age of twenty-seven, already (and still) recognized as the greatest of the white improvisers.

When jazz was in its youth (after the earliest years jass became jazz) there were at least ten great bands in the country, playing the music hot and making a living at it. The first swing (as in the Gennett recordings) was principally Negro in origin, but both Negro and white musicians helped adapt it. Men like Beiderbecke, Hoagy Carmichael, Leon Rapollo and Jimmy McPartland frequented the night spots where the Negro bands played and sat in with them, learning the slow and beautiful swing of the blues, learning to develop full-bodied choruses in off-tone improvisation. In the classic swing of the Gennetts there was no color line (and indeed there is none still, although *public* performances are almost always Jim Crow).

Only a panoramic view affords one a picture of jazz in the twenties. In Washington, Duke Ellington was being advised to "quit fooling with that piano" or he'd come to no good. In New York, the Memphis Five, also the nucleus for the Cotton Pickers, proved that even New Yorkers could play hot jazz. The Memphis Five, who seldom put swing on records, followed the Dixieland set-up; but where the latter gave prominence to a complementary theme (clarinet), the Memphis Five stressed the melody (trumpet). A member of this outfit also doubled in the Tennessee Tooters and the Arkansas Travelers: Miff Mole, greatest technician of the jazz trombone. Bix, already a veteran of Gennett days, recorded with several bands.

The Dorsey Brothers bowed in as the Scranton Sirens; Rapollo, Schoebel and Brunies announced themselves as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings (although the band played in Chicago, Rapollo had come from New Orleans). A band called the Mound City Blue Blowers (the Mound City is St. Louis) came to feature such hot men as Trumbauer, Teschmaker, Pee-Wee Russell and Coleman (the Ace) Hawkins. This same organization also furnished the nucleus of the Chicagoans, whose Chicago swing has come to have considerable influence on band styles. It was started by Slevins with a kazoo, Bland on banjo and mainly by Red McKenzie, who made music on the comb but played no instrument himself. He began as a money-rider on the Bowie track, but jazz was his love and he followed it, using the name of Blue Blowers for whatever group of good men he was able to get together. His original outfit was among the first to cross the color line and use, in recordings at least, mixed bands, featuring among Negroes such men as Hawkins and a drummer almost as remarkable as Sbarbaro, whom they nicknamed the Retriever. Nichols and His Five Pennies also respected the ear-music tradition, though with considerable urbanity, and played a lot of good music in the early years. But most of these men were rapidly absorbed into the big-paying popular bands, with the result that, until the recent revival of interest, knowledge of jazz was an esoteric matter.

From Larry Shields to Benny Goodman, improvisation has remained the most distinguishable feature of hot jazz. Its tradition has been one of originality, of freedom from convention; the boys who played "as written" were known as the long-underwear gang. Knowledge of musical theory was not always essential, and sometimes a positive hindrance to spontaneous improvisation. Commenting on the vacancy left in the Dixieland band through Ragas' death, LaRocca said, "I don't know how many pianists we tried until we could find one who could not read music."

The history of the Dixieland, by the way, teaches one of the most important lessons in the jazz primer: the fact that the great jazz musicians looked upon their instruments as though they had never been played before. Through such an outlook the most original of them revolutionized instrumental technique.

In such a short summary as the present it would be improvident to attempt to correlate present-day jazz with its environment, but it would also be unfair to the reader not to point out that a great deal of the swing genre, while technically excellent, is shallow and devoid of any but a purely instrumental virtue. Because this output has a superficial brilliance and a certain following, it encourages musicians to "fake," particularly on the trumpet. Since many of the more talented improvisers have succumbed to this tendency as they lost touch with their own background, it seems possible that environmental relationships are a highly significant factor and might, to some extent, explain the difference between creativeness and brilliant sterility. Such a theory would not argue for retrogression, of course, but for an identity with the surrounding environment comparable, in more urban terms, with that experienced by the folk musician.

In any event, some discrimination is essential in getting a fair idea of this kind of music. The broadcasting and recording companies have been flooding the land for years with the work of large popular "name" bands—spineless and unoriginal. The music thus interpreted has become much more sophisticated and smooth; but most of its clever and complicated arrangements become very wearisome at the second hearing. Not that hot jazz leaves out arranging. It would be more accurate to say that (except in the case of such leader-arrangers as Fletcher Henderson) the arrangement is not written for the band but arrived at by them. A Rollini could give a lyric flavor to a skeleton arrangement with his bass saxophone; a Schoebel could translate the written note for his ear-music colleagues—but the secret of most hot arranging lies in Louis Armstrong's characteristic remark: "Well, come on, boys, let's get together then."

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

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Shoot the Works

Are We Apes or Civilized?

THE CIRCUS winters here in Sarasota and its pride and joy is the largest gorilla now living in captivity. His name, reasonably enough, is "Gargantua the Great" and he is plenty tough. "Gargantua" is only just cutting his second teeth and weighs four hundred and fifty pounds. He will do better as the years roll by.

Until quite recently the largest gorilla was in the Berlin Zoo. He was a six-hundred-pound specimen and I am told that when he died the Germans regarded it as a national catastrophe. Their feeling of sorrow was logical enough, for even more than the swastika, a gorilla could well stand as the symbol of Nazi philosophy.

But I am afraid that possibly the largest of the anthropoids typifies the whole spirit of the modern world. Frequently the question is asked, "Are we mice or men?" and the connotation in the query seems to be that there is something rodential and mean in peacefulness. I think it would be more pertinent for rational human beings to debate the problem, "Are we apes or men?"

In looking at "Gargantua" in his cage I felt that a strong circumstantial case had been made for the theory of evolution. I can hardly doubt that we stem from some such animal. And what worried me was the feeling that whatever blood stream goes up can also go down. If we have ascended from the gorilla, there may be at least a chance that we will return to our fathers. Since force seems to be the desired goal of all the peoples of the earth, the gorilla might well demand the logical right to be nominated as the fittest. There is a chimpanzee here which can drive an automobile around a track if only someone else will work the gear shift. And that of course is intricate.

I have never been able to master it, but if that gorilla can be taught to shoot a gun, which is easy enough, he and his kind may inherit the earth. Indeed, if the good soldier is to be the noblest work of man, the differentiation between men and monkeys may be small enough. I do not think the day of despair is here. It seems to me that we can and that we will work our way out of international madness. Yet if we are to do that there must be more respect for verbal contacts. It angers me when people scorn all sorts of international conferences by saying, "Nothing comes out of such affairs but talk."

What's wrong with talk? If civilized man has worked his way out of the primeval slime, it has been by the exchange of ideas. It is wholly unfair to speak of "talk" as the negation of "action." Words have sent more walls tumbling down than any shells or shrapnel. It is quite true that disarmament conferences and other international meetings have frequently been disappointing. They have even been failures, if you like. But not one of them has been so bloody a failure as each and every war.

It seems to me that the last laugh, and a grim one at that, lies in the grave with Woodrow Wilson. Borah, Johnson and all the other die-hards who still survive, preen themselves upon the fact that they killed American participation in the League of Nations and thus saved America from dangerous foreign entanglements. And now we are about to build the greatest navy in the world to prove that we are happily situated between two oceans and need not bother our heads about the strife in Europe or Asia. Woodrow Wilson erred in many matters. But I believe that history will acquit him of all his sins of judgment because he fundamentally had the right idea about collective security.

There is no room for argument about the Treaty of Versailles. It was a mess of tragic greed and stupidity. It is also true that the League was handicapped from the start by the circumstance that it was built upon a crooked cornerstone. Nor would I like to deny that today the League is dead. And so I say, "Long live the League of Nations." If this one does not function—and it does not—then we must create forthwith another. Certainly the right to criticize international coöperation does not belong to those who first stabbed the effort and then exultantly exclaimed, "We told you from the start that the thing was sickly."

Are we apes or men? There isn't too much time for the world of human beings to come to a decision. Some man and some nation must take the lead. I am all for collective security, but I want permission to define that phrase in my own terms. As a last defense I am in favor of the combination of democratic lands against the Fascist adventurers. But that should not be the starting point. It is well enough to say that we stand at Armageddon, but even a battle in which the issues are clearly drawn is not so good as no battle at all. There should be at least one more try. The nations of the world, right, left and center, piratical or puritanical, should sit down around a table and ponder the question of how the world is to be saved.

Not long ago a flaming body in the sky missed the earth by a mere four hundred thousand miles. I assume that if some astronomer of repute should tell us all tomorrow that within forty-eight hours an asteroid was about to strike our planet and shake us from stem to stern, there would be a mitigation of national altercations. We might then come together and make plans or methods by which we could meet the shock. But in cold reason the flying particle which sailed outside the corner of the plate was no such threat to human security as the possibility of general conflict. Some man and some nation must lead the way.

To be specific, I think that Franklin Roosevelt ought to use the naval program as a hole card, but seek world accord before a single rivet is driven home. It can easily be said that such a gesture would be futile and that Germany, Japan and Italy would refuse any invitation. That is probable, and yet if the effort met with failure it would not leave millions of maimed bodies strewn across the meadows.

Another approach might well be an international congress of all the trade unionists in all lands, even including representatives of nations where trade unionism as we know it does not exist. The difficulties of such a conference are palpable. But again I say that rational human beings owe it to themselves to make the effort. I think that we are men, not apes, and before we fly at one another's throats we must exhaust every effort to preserve civilization through civilized methods. Only when such risks for peace have been made and such experiments been carried through will it be reasonable for even the most righteous leader to take up the sword and cry out, "God help me, I can do no other."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

"Merrily We Roll to War . . ."

LAST WEEK'S DEBATE in the Senate illustrated how difficult it is for the legislative branch of the government to have a voice in foreign policy, or even to find out what is happening. Each angry outburst from Senators Borah and Johnson was met by the administration spokesman, Senator Pittman, with empty formalities. It was like watching two fencers engage a goosefeather pillow. Messrs. Borah and Johnson would lunge bravely, and each time their rapiers would vanish in a soft, all-pervading downiness. This country, Mr. Pittman would answer politely, remains faithful to its policy of avoiding foreign alliances.

What does such a phrase mean? No informed observer thinks that Mr. Hull possesses the equivalent of the *petit papier* that Ambassador Cambon placed before Earl Grey in the nervous hours of August, 1914. If an alliance exists between this country and England, it exists inside the heads of Mr. Roosevelt and British Cabinet members. How can a Senator procure these thoughts for inspection?

The administration has sent three light cruisers to Singapore to take part in joint ceremonies with the British Asiatic fleet. This is no routine courtesy visit; it was decided on in a long conference at the White House attended by Secretary Hull and Admiral Leahy. Is it supposed to be warning to Japan that, if pushed too far, the administration will fight a naval war in the Far East in coöperation with England? How are the voters, or their representatives in Congress, to find out what is in Mr. Roosevelt's mind?

Last December Captain Royal E. Ingersoll, chief of the War Plans Division of the Navy Department, sailed for London to confer with officials of the British Admiralty. The Navy Department says that his mission was to discuss technical questions having to do with the size of future battleships. This is no doubt true, but in private conversation with his opposite numbers of the Admiralty, did he also talk of more important affairs? Who knows?

In last week's debate, Senator Borah quoted a recent statement of Foreign Secretary Eden in the House of Commons, in which the latter said that England's relations with America were very happy, but of such a nature that they could not be discussed in public. Why couldn't they be discussed in public? Mr. Borah asked. Mr. Pittman was tolerantly vague. He just couldn't imagine what Anthony Eden might have meant.

Many observers here attach great significance to the recent negotiations with the Philippine Commonwealth. The administration has agreed to extend the present tariff arrangement for a long period of years, and to give President Quezon technical help of various kinds. General MacArthur is to return to the islands to train the Filipino youth in American military methods. Does this mean that the Philippines have again become an American interest? Does the administration mean to defend them if they should be attacked by Japan? No one outside the White House circle knows, and no Senator or Representative will find out by asking questions in Congress.

As these Notes are written, the filibuster against the anti-lynching bill seems on the point of succeeding. Behind its triumph lies an extremely complicated story. When the anti-lynching bill was placed before the Senate last November, the Southerners were ready to give in. They realized that large sections of their home opinion, particularly city newspapers, were actively in favor of the bill. They likewise knew that they could muster only a tiny minority of the Senate itself.

As was recorded in these Notes at the time, the Southern Senators determined to make necessity a virtue, and to let the bill pass with merely a pretense of opposition. They then planned to use it as a campaign issue against Roosevelt partisans in the Southern primaries next summer. They acknowledged that it would not make much of an issue in the cities, but hoped it would go well in rural districts.

Simultaneously, on their side, the New Deal Senators seem to have become alarmed. They began to fear the bill would cost them Southern approval of the farm and wages-and-hours measures, and they began to backwater. When the filibuster was renewed at the present session, there was no one in the administration group ready to lead a fight against it. Majority Leader Barkley was palsied with fear lest he might lose the votes of Southern delegates for the presidential nomination in 1940. Senator Van Nuys, co-sponsor of the bill, remained away from the Senate floor for long periods. Senator Wagner, its other sponsor, lay ill abed. Thus lynchers and anti-lynchers met in battle, with each side anxiously hoping for defeat.

The turn came when sharp-faced little Senator Ellender, ex-lieutenant of Huey Long, discovered that filibustering meant newspaper publicity. He was told that if he would talk for six days he would establish a congressional record. He complied—with enough talk about miscegenation to turn Julius Streicher's stomach. The filibuster came abruptly to life. For a brief interval, it seemed possible that the New Deal partisans might fight back, but their fervor cooled when Senator Norris somberly declared: "Perhaps this is not the time to open wounds that may not heal."

Foreign Minister Julio Ortega Frier of the Dominican Republic appeared in Washington last week to put the final deft touches on the peace settlement between his country and Haiti. The most accurate-seeming information about this astonishing dispute, arising from the massacre of several thousand Haitians by the Dominican police, has come not from diplomats, but from the intelligence service of the Department of Agriculture. According to the Department's experts, United States-owned sugar corporations and rich Dominican planters have recently been using great numbers of Haitian workers. With the Dominican soil's exceptional fertility and the abysmal cheapness of Haitian labor, they have been producing sugar at a cost of about $1.50 a hundredweight, and have been wallowing in profits.

It might be supposed that the Dominican workers, jealous at being deprived of their former jobs, were responsible for the massacre of the Haitians, but the Department's experts say that this is not true. It seems to have been an inexplicable, wholly irresponsible outbreak by Dictator Trujillo's armed followers. The experts also say that General Trujillo is not resigning from his dictatorship because of the international scandal caused by the massacre, but simply

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because of illness. In the last few months he has twice imported specialists from Paris at a reputed $50,000 a visit. He now wants to live in France, where he can have constant medical supervision.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Little Light on Coal

THE SAME DARK BIRD that perched upon the bust of someone just above the front door of the NRA, is now found, never flittin' and still a sittin' above the front door of that weird institution once proudly called the Little NRA, but better known now as the Guffey Coal Commission.

The Guffey Coal Commission has been acting up in Washington pretty much as any normal human being not obfuscated by politics and greed could have predicted. And its bad performances come at a peculiarly fortunate moment, when the President is seriously considering the application of this vicious principle in various ways to many other industries.

This commission is established precisely on the NRA principle, namely that the proper people to regulate an industry are the people who operate it. Of course in this case there is a commission named by the President to do the job, but actually it is a commission which represents not the people but the industry. And above all, it does not represent the consumers, who happen to bear a very important relationship to the soft-coal industry.

Well, what do you suppose the gentlemen in any industry are interested in? Why, bless you, I am sure it is not violating any secret to reveal that it is profits—and as an essential element of that, prices, production and competition. And they will regulate prices, production and trade practices in the interest of the industry every time—not in the interest of the consumers and the people. But the government of the United States, which ought to represent all the people, who, by the way, are the consumers, actually turns this whole business of regulating the industry of soft coal over to the producers under the pretense of establishing a government commission.

It's a very serious matter, of course, but all serious matters should have their comic relief and the Guffey Commission has this in the character of a "consumers' counsel." About the only good feature of this commission, by the way, is the man selected for consumers' counsel. He is John Carson. Carson, who was once a newspaper man and a good one, spent a number of years as secretary to the late Senator James Couzens. That would be a good education in honest thinking. But John Carson, fortunately, did not need any education in honesty, either intellectual or any other kind, being made that way himself. It was inevitable that Carson should take seriously the idea that he really represented the consumers. And so what we have in the Guffey Coal Commission is an institution in which the Commission represents the producers, and the consumers' counsel, with no powers, represents the consumers. And it is quite true that if it happens that way, we planned it that way.

Who and what are the consumers is a close question. A lot of people buy bituminous coal directly for use in their homes. But the greater number of consumers of soft coal are manufacturers of all sorts of things, who buy the coal as part of the process of producing gas or goods. The users of those goods are actually consumers of soft coal, since it is one element in the cost of production.

Recently the Commission has been fixing prices. And of course it has been raising them—raising prices at a time when the President says prices must come down and when purchasing power is falling off in great gobs. It raised the price of coal to certain kinds of consumers—gas companies, for instance—from $1.85 a ton to $2.15 a ton. That's a 16-percent boost. This comes on top of a 10-percent boost in freight rates, making soft coal cost about 26 percent more.

When the Commission decided to do this, it reached its conclusions behind closed doors and without the formality of giving a hearing to the consumers who would be affected. John Carson urged the Commission to give an open hearing to the people who would have to pay the bill it was assessing for this coal. But the Commission remained obdurate and put its price boost into operation.

A federal court in Washington has expressed some surprise at this, and apparently is prepared to act to restrain this high-handed behavior. It is reminiscent of the good old NRA days when the consumer was represented by a nice society lady from Long Island, and when, after being persistently ignored by the NRA, the consumers' groups had to issue a bitter protest at their neglect.

But what will all this do to the coal people themselves, for whose benefit this act was passed? The bituminous industry is suffering from the effective competition of other kinds of fuel—oil, natural gas, electricity in many places. Almost all of them are better than soft coal. The only claim coal can make for preference is in the matter of price. But the coal men are determined to deprive themselves of this advantage.

Take this very case. Out in Missouri and Indiana pressure is now put on the gas companies to use natural gas. It now costs 1.83 cents to make a therm with coal, against 1.8 cents to make it with natural gas. The thing that saves the coal is that the use of natural gas would mean a large new investment and junking a lot of machinery. But if this price boost goes into effect, gas from coal will cost 2.4 cents against 1.8 for natural gas. It won't require much pressure to induce that company to shift from coal to gas and put an end to a consumption of 325,000 tons of coal a year.

This commission has been sharing with the Communications Commission the scrutinizing eye of critical Congressmen. It is shot through with politics—state and coal politics. Some Senators have threatened to rise in their seats and denounce it if the President does not clean house. And this is a perfect example of what will happen if all industry is brought under the dominion of such bodies. If the government cannot watch one commission, cannot make one commission behave, how will it enforce decent behavior upon a score or more of them?

Yet this is an example of the direction in which the administration is tending—self-regulation of business.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Things Hoped For

Shadow and Substance, by Paul Vincent Carroll. The John Golden Theatre, January 26, 1938.

FROM HIS SCHOOLMASTER'S DESK in Glasgow, the author of "Shadow and Substance" has sent us divers points that may be useful. The story of this Irish play, first given at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin in 1934, and now an immediate success on Broadway, concerns a Canon, a schoolmaster and a little Irish maid, Brigid. In her visions constantly she sees Saint Brigid, who speaks to her and is one of her three realities. The two others are the Canon and the schoolmaster, each of whom she loves.

The schoolmaster has published anonymously a book in which certain religious conditions of his country are scathingly set forth, to the universal scandal; it all comes down finally to a mob on his trail. The Canon's father was Irish, his mother was Spanish; Spanish influences and Spanish taste make up a part of him—the part most unhappily manifest to those about him, and most contributory to his distinction and line. The one person there whom the Canon can make his friend and speak out to is Brigid. She longs to be a nun and fulfill her promises to the saint. He commands her to turn her face away from these visions, on which the authority of the Church frowns. She falls ill.

Since the school in such a village is entirely under the control of the local Church, the Canon can easily turn out the schoolmaster and put in his place a more pliable subject, and does so. (He combines the office with that of a husband who will take off his hands his abominable stepniece, named after him.) In the end Brigid runs out to try and save the schoolmaster from the mob, is struck by a brick, I believe it is, intended for him, and is brought in to die, and the Canon is left alone, to weigh in his mind the problems of holiness and visions, of the eternal, Classic Church, and of what may be shadow and may be substance in men's souls and lives.

Mr. Carroll tells us that his play began from an idea that sprang into his mind of creating a modern Dean Swift, making him a Catholic and setting him against a section of modern Irish religion. He adds that the rebel schoolmaster and the Canon represent the conflicting forces that crush Brigid (the spirit of the nation) between them—in America, he says, you may take this symbolism for what it's worth. He tells us also that for some time before writing this play he had been "interested in the universal struggle outside between the Nordic and the Latin cultures."

How much the point about Swift may contribute to the play's illumination will depend somewhat on the individual. It is easy, at any rate, to see a certain intention of some life burning and consumed within, moved outside by a sort of sarcastic passion and discipline. And it is easy to respond to what is so tender and lovely in his relation to the simple girl. I should have thought it might be much more profitable to stress the Latin point. By making the Canon half Spanish and tinging him so heavily with the formal and intense connotations of the Spanish preference, character and taste, the playwright hit on a fine device, through which the dramatic motif of the Classic Church, its secure position, et cetera, is made more easily accessible. There is a curious final unity to the play; it comes from the impression we get that all its dramatic forces are in conflict, or are exercised, within this one character.

In this connection there is the question of the two other main characters and the force each represents. In my opinion you cannot say, as has been said, that Mr. Carroll has, purposely or inexpertly, left the schoolmaster's portrait undeveloped. Beside the long course of the Church the schoolmaster, with his ructions, intellectual and social, is a mere flash in the pan. The Canon is right when he gauges the book as an idea that might be significant, etc., if written by, etc., but at such hands the result is callow, etc. As to Brigid, the open, divine likeness is also not new to the Church, which during its centuries has had to examine, condemn, adopt, be enriched by, many just such cases. Both these forces, schoolmaster and Brigid, have long been included in the Church itself. As to the Canon's treatment, not always pleasant to see, of the simple creatures around him, the point could be made that a continuous, magnificent splendor and entity in a system or institution must at times involve something like a cruel or harsh exercise on our ordinary selves and living.

"Shadow and Substance" is a beautiful play, not without a certain power that mostly comes from what is left unsaid in words. Technically it is not very markedly underscored. Whether this is intended on the author's part, or is the result of experience more literary than theatrical, I do not know. At any rate, it is not until the third and last act that in certain respects you know what to think about the Canon, to what extent he is intense in his private religious life, to what extent he may be affected, humorous, kind, austere, and so on. Some of this assurance is then, by a very happy contrivance, given you through the girl Brigid. Meantime for a while I wondered whether this play was going to be like so many plays we get from London, in which the details often seem subtle and promising, but the whole play turns out to be nothing, without scale, without mind.

On the other hand if I were asked what it is about, this moving, unusual and beautiful occasion that had the audience I saw so completely bound and delighted, I should not know how to answer. Obviously some of that spell comes from the acting, a company well cast and playing with a skill and sincerity that escapes the dangers of sentimentality often present. There are various other reasons for this appeal, the best of which are such as are either to be said fully in creative form alone—as in this play for example—or else left alongside that famous remark of Saint Augustine when he said, "I know if you don't ask me."

It is enough to say of Sir Cedric Hardwicke's acting that the play could hardly be imagined without him. I should hesitate on only one point in his performance, which is that I was not always quite sure, when his Canon spoke to the simple people around him on matters of taste, whether he was doing so with his tongue in his cheek somewhat, or because it was his way of doing what he could in this desperate case, or because he lacked humor through which to see his impinging banality. This fine performance was blessed in having Miss Julie Haydon to play against. You will not often see such absorption and beauty of mind brought to a part. She takes these lowly qualities, so lovely, eager and humble, and is able to give the impression that not only can she create them, but is convinced by them.

STARK YOUNG

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"You've Got to Have a Place to Live"

THE LIVING NEWSPAPER has practically created a new form for the stage in its experiments in dramatizing vital and other statistics, and the current hit, "One-Third of a Nation," seems to be top of the form. The origins, history and conditions of slum tenements in New York are animated through the shrewd use of many devices by Arthur Arent (script), Lem Ward (direction), Howard Bay (sets) and literally scores of Federal Theatre actors. I think the best things about it are the synthesis of all the million facts of housing experience, and the setting against which they are run off—in addition to action spotted on the apron, slides on the screen, etc., a marvelous solid tenement set, with walls knocked out, outside stairs, movement on four levels, three degrees of depth. It opens and closes on a fire in the old-law tenement, and in between we go from the figures on real-estate speculation and landlordism to futile legislation; to the effect on morals and health; finally to national problems of financing and construction.

The instruction is vivid. The sketches and acting for the most part are not good enough theatre to raise the instruction into true dramatic life. Some of the satire on official humbuggery and self-righteousness is very neat, some of the speeches are rousing. Where it falls down is in an awkward playfulness (*e.g.*, the stylized sequence of "The City Grows" and the "little man" idea) and a round majority of actors speaking more by rote than out of any creative conviction. Along these lines the theatre is several jumps behind the movies. Anyone who saw Edgar Anstey's "Housing Problems" film with its narrower statement of the problem but a sort of crowning beauty in the forms and voices of its tired, tough and salty real people, will not have to be reminded that in the dramatic arts, the best learning cannot live by the mind alone. O. F.

Thurber on the Stage

A JAMES THURBER CARTOON to be danced! We didn't think it could be done, but Doris Humphrey thought otherwise and the audience at the Guild Theatre, who received it with hilarity, agreed. "Race of Life" was one of the three new numbers presented by the Humphrey-Weidman group before setting off on a transcontinental tour. Destroying her aristocratic charm with slicked-down hair and a white gunny sack for a costume, dragging along José Limon as her reluctant husband and Charles Weidman in knee-pants as their child, and waving the banner "Excelsior," she eventually reached the mountain of untold riches after vicissitudes which included a seductive enchantress, Indians and nightshades. In so doing, she revealed herself as a brilliant farceuse and brought Thurber to life beyond all expectations.

At the same concert, Mr. Weidman revived his enjoyable "Happy Hypocrite," based on Max Beerbohm's tale, and presented for the first time "The Passion," built on three themes, the Snyder-Grey murder case, an air raid and an abstract interlude. It was the most closely knit of any of his works and contained some first-rate characterization in the murder theme, and some compelling episodes on the disintegration of a gas-masked populace.

PAUL LOVE

The Bandwagon

Judge Carey [at the meeting in support of Mayor Hague's ban on the CIO] denied the charge that free speech was dead in Jersey City, adding, "I have lived here all my life and have never seen the day when I couldn't say anything I had on my mind." – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

Watch out, impenitent bachelors! Solitary old age is the fate reserved to those gay lads who delay their marriage. – *A poster widely displayed in Italy at the present time, quoted in La Nouvelle Revue Française.*

The two most important elements for success in a restaurant, Mr. Ganger said, are clean toilets and good coffee. It helps, of course, to have good food, good service and pleasant surroundings. – *From an interview with an expert, published in The New York World-Telegram.*

Führer Hitler said this clearly in a speech at Augsberg on November 21 in which he referred to those who "believe that nobody in Germany is allowed to criticize today. We can criticize. There is a lot of criticism, but it is the superior who criticizes, and the subordinate who takes it." – *From a Berlin dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.*

Too-Ducky Department

Mrs. Twombley adores gypsying in her Rolls. – *From a society story in The New York World-Telegram.*

We Get the Idea

When the combination exists of a poorly drawn, one-sided, dangerous piece of legislation, and a thoroughly incompetent and grossly impartial agency is charged with this enforcement, you may well look for serious consequences. – *Statement by Senator Burke criticizing the National Labor Relations Board before the subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary.*

Light Up, Kids

Eddie Cantor moves into the early evening hour because he has such a large following among children, and he wants to catch them before bedtime. The new program will advertise cigarettes. – *From the radio column of The New York World-Telegram.*

Practically Knocked Speechless

Jehovah and Jesus do not compare favorably with such living idealists as Roger Baldwin, Harry Elmer Barnes, Bruce Bliven, Jerome Davis, Arthur Garfield Hays, John Haynes Holmes, Robert Morss Lovett, Scott Nearing, Upton Sinclair, Norman Thomas, Oswald Garrison Villard, Harry F. Ward. Or with many modern women! These mortals are of more value to the world than Jesus. One of their few defects is that they may be shocked by this comparison. – *From The Arbitrator.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

In Defense of Dubinsky

SIR: The New Republic, in its January 26 issue, subjects the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union to triple-barreled criticism. Your editorial writer ("Growing Pains of the CIO"), T.R.B. in his "Washington Notes" and Heywood Broun in his weekly page, all find fault with President David Dubinsky of the ILGWU for his outspoken view on the current rift in the labor movement.

I have no intention whatever of challenging the right of any of your commentators to express their dislike of the attitude of the ILGWU, or of its president, on this subject, nor do I impugn their motives. What puzzles me, nevertheless, is their obvious failure to consult the very speech, delivered by Mr. Dubinsky on January 11 before a large group of ILGWU executives at the Manhattan Opera House, which they have made the target of their attacks. I am confident that a good deal of their comment would have been left unsaid had they taken the trouble to familiarize themselves with all the facts and circumstances which attended the late peace conferences.

They would have learned, for instance, that, far from having engaged in "witch-hunting" or devoting the larger part of his speech to an attack on the Communists, as one might gain the impression from your editorial, Mr. Dubinsky has only paid them a casual, though forceful, compliment. He deemed it necessary to place them within their proper dimensions, as he explained, largely because the Communists have systematically been attempting to make it appear, through their press, that they actually are the ordained spokesmen for the CIO movement.

Furthermore, T.R.B. is grievously in error, both with regard to fact and procedure, in what he describes as "the ways and means of translating the fair offer made by the A. F. of L. spokesmen to the CIO into reality." This, I believe, holds the crux of the entire situation. It is not correct that either the A. F. of L. side or the CIO spokesmen had, except at the very beginning of the parleys, considered the piecemeal admission of the CIO unions into the Federation. At the final conference between the two larger committees it was definitely understood that the admission of the CIO unions would under no circumstance be on the instalment basis, ten unions first and the rest to follow, but that all would stay out of the A. F. of L. until every jurisdictional disagreement had been ironed out.

It is only on this basis that President Dubinsky has urged and is still urging the continuation of the conferences with the ultimate hope of bringing both sides together. No thought of desertion of any of the present CIO components has ever entered into this planning. And Mr. Philip Murray, the chairman of the CIO committee, has fully corroborated President Dubinsky on this particular point of the negotiations in an address which he delivered at a meeting in New York City before the Dressmakers' Union on January 6.

No less important was the concession made by the A. F. of L. side in a definite promise that the power of the Executive Council to suspend or expel unions between conventions would be curbed at the first convention of the united bodies, at which the CIO unions would be represented with full rights and privileges. This was one of the essential points of the "fair offer" of which your Washington correspondent speaks and which no one has even attempted to challenge.

If it is true, as your editorial writer says, that "pressure for unity between the A. F. of L. and CIO is healthy," and that "unity in the end will be achieved," I cannot conceive of the wisdom or good sense of this stone-throwing on the part of liberal writers in the direction of such labor leaders as are courageously and tenaciously fighting for the achievement of a durable accord between the forces of labor in this country.

MAX D. DANISH
Editor of Justice, Official organ of the
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York City

Memo on a Memo

SIR: Bruce Bliven's article, "Memorandum on National Policy" [The New Republic, January 26] points a way by which the American people can obtain an open discussion about present military policies. I agree with him that there is a demand for assurance that we are not going to war to settle disputes for other nations and thereby violate our treaties, and also that there is protection against attacks. If your readers would write President Roosevelt asking why the Boileau bill received treatment similar to that accorded the Ludlow amendment the answers might shed light on the present war trends and vanishing democracy.

Washington, D. C. JEANETTE RANKIN

Rebuttal from Dr. Barnes

SIR: I have read the review of my books by Mr. Leo Huberman [The New Republic, January 12] with interest. I have no cause for complaint as to the general tone of the review. It was friendly in temper and generous in estimate. Nor have I any quarrel with his theoretical arguments against me. I do not agree with him, but he certainly has a right to oppose his views to mine. He has done so graciously. I will return the compliment by saying that one reason why I am not a Marxian is that I am so much more interested in far abler historians than Marx, such as Leo Huberman—and Louis M. Hacker.

All I wish to do here is to correct what seems to me to be some misapprehensions on the part of Mr. Huberman. In the first place, he describes my "Intellectual History" as a "chip off the old block" of my "History of Western Civilization"—even more like the latter than my "Economic History." This is hardly the case.

The intellectual and cultural material in the two-volume history amounts to only about 350 pages. It would be hard to chip 1,250 pages off 350 pages. If Mr. Huberman could do this he should leave the field of history—able historian that he is—and go in for magic. He could easily step into the shoes left vacant by Houdini. Further, there is little similarity between the comparable materials in the two books. Finally, in the Preface to the "Intellectual History" I take great pains to point out that the book is not to be regarded as in any sense a one-volume version of the "History of Western Civilization."

Mr. Huberman represents me as a "let the facts speak for themselves" type of historian, without any theory of historical causation. Now in my "History of Historical Writing," pages 266-75, I present a devastating critique of this "let the facts speak" school of historians, which will not endear me to them. I doubt if any other historian has spoken more candidly on this subject. In the same book, pages 359, 381-2, I present my theory of historical causation. This embodies all that is

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worth while in the Marxian thesis. Indeed, I am a better Marxian than most Marxians, for, like Professor A. H. Hansen, I recognize that Marx's fundamental interpretation of history was technological. I merely go one step further back and hold with James Harvey Robinson that intellectual factors underlie the technological.

I respect Mr. Huberman's opinion on all subjects, but he does not convince me that I would be a better historian if I became a Marxian, in the conventional sense of that term. One reason for my skepticism is that Mr. Huberman is always an extremely intelligent historian when he forgets Marx. It is only when he occasionally lapses into reverent Marxism that he, as Stuart Chase puts it, "goes to sleep in the arms of Marx."

Let no one think that I am alarmed at the economic interpretation of history. If Mr. Huberman finds that the facts justify an economic interpretation—a materialism—which would make Marx gasp, I would not bat an eyelash. Indeed, I would be likely to be highly pleased. But I want to know that Mr. Huberman—or Max Lerner and Louis Hacker—find the facts to be such. I am not much interested in whether Marx guessed they might be thus and so more than half a century back.

My only quarrel with the Marxian historians is their Marxian tag and genuflections. What would a Marxian historian say if a Liberal historian invoked the memory and authority of, say, Lord Macaulay, in every third paragraph?

Auburn, N. Y. HARRY ELMER BARNES

Broun v. Dewey

SIR: In his attack upon Professor John Dewey in the columns of The New Republic of January 12. Heywood Broun not only exceeded the limits of *Narrenfreiheit* but was guilty of irresponsible misstatement of Professor Dewey's position. Anyone who has examined the context of Professor Dewey's remarks in The Washington Post—which Broun admittedly has not done—will see that they bore upon the implications of the Trotsky Commission Report for America. They were illustrated by a direct reference to the use which the Communist Party and press were making of the Corcoran case in Minneapolis. Professor Dewey did not say that Communist Party members should be barred from the CIO or any other labor union because of their *views*. He warned against factionalism and against the familiar Moscow tactics of frame-up and slander as deadly to the unity of the labor movement.

In asserting that the Stalinists are striving whole-heartedly for the unity of labor, Heywood Broun shows that it is he who is behind in his homework, not Professor Dewey. Part of the public oath which all members of the Communist Party are required to take is "to drive the Lovestoneites out of the labor movement." Since in effect anybody who opposes the Communist Party on important measures is labeled a Trotskyite, this means that every independent-thinking union member or leader is slated for railroading as soon as the Stalinists feel strong enough to get away with it. It requires considerable cheek for Heywood Broun to ask whether Professor Dewey "seriously means to contend that certain workers should be barred from union membership because of their political or economic views." This is precisely the view of the Communist Party, as the above cited slogans prove. . . .

New York City SIDNEY HOOK

[We have omitted from Mr. Hook's letter a long passage which seems to us to have nothing to do with Mr. Broun's article. In it Mr. Hook asks Mr. Broun to "explain": (1) The attitude of The New York Daily Worker toward the situation in Minneapolis; (2) the disputed charge that an A. F. of L. representative was hired to kill Bridges; (3) the dispute between the Communists and the Sailors' Union of the Pacific; (4) the quarrel between the Central Labor Council of San Francisco and the "Stalinists"; (5) the relations among the Communist Party, Homer Martin and the "Lovestoneites" in the Auto Workers' Union.

We also omit a letter from Mr. Fairfield Porter, who thinks Mr. Broun misunderstood Dr. Dewey, and one from James H. Slosson, who quotes an article by Oliver Carlson in The Nation which he believes supports Dr. Dewey's point of view.—THE EDITORS.]

Farrell Finale

SIR: I want to protest against the literary lynching that took place in your correspondence columns of January 12. James T. Farrell has his faults as a novelist, but surely that does not justify such a childish and malicious outburst as this. I happen to consider the Studs Lonigan trilogy an important piece of work, but there's no point arguing the question on the low plane of the letter from East St. Louis.

New York City DWIGHT MACDONALD

SIR: The campaign against James T. Farrell in your correspondence column begins to take on the proportions of a pogrom. I protest.

New York City F. W. DUPEE

[A careful measurement of the letters in favor of Mr. Farrell and those against him, printed so far in The New Republic, reveals: pro-Farrell, five inches; anti-Farrell, six and one-half inches. Including Mr. Dupee's own letter and Mr. MacDonald's printed above, the score is almost exactly even.—THE EDITORS.]

Author's Correction

SIR: In my article on the NLRB (January 19) there was a misleading statement which I should like to correct and clarify. I said that the Board was "upheld" in the case of Consolidated Edison v. the United Electrical and Radio Workers. That is not entirely true. What happened was this: one week after the Board's decision was announced, the company applied to the Circuit Court for a stay of the order. The Court denied this application for a stay. To that extent only was the Board upheld. The final decision by the Court has not yet been announced.

LEO HUBERMAN

New York City

Dangers of Liberalism

SIR: When, some weeks ago, the Foreign Policy Association invited a Nazi editor to defend the Hitlerian "ideology" before an American audience, Mrs. Sender and I took occasion to sound a warning against the dangers of such a manifestation of abstract "liberalism." We did so because of our first-hand intimate knowledge of the tragic effects of such a policy as shown in the history of the post-war German Democracy. It was to a large extent the extreme lenience of the Weimar Republic toward the Nazis and their tactics that contributed to its overthrow. . . . Shall progressive, liberal Americans support the right of free speech and action in this country for fascists whose avowed purpose is to destroy our democracy once they are in power? . . .

We are aware that fascism is not an immediate danger for the United States. And yet we are certain that we are not alone in thinking: It Can Happen Here. . . . What can and must be done to prevent us from becoming the dupes and victims of our tolerance or naïveté? . . .

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Great Britain, with a people of very strong democratic convictions, has enacted a bill prohibiting private uniforms, and another act intending to reach provocative demonstrations, such as fascist parties habitually resort to. That measure seems to have been justified in the case of Mosley's fascist movement, which has recently suffered a great loss of prestige and power.

Are measures such as these inimical to the principles of liberalism? We do not think so. Ideas of liberalism in the economic field have undergone wide change: in our days we no longer hold or practise the old liberal idea of "Laissez-faire—laissez-aller." Also the notions of liberalism in the political field require, we believe, reëxamination . . . . There appears to be agreement on the proposition that the use of violence of avowed enemies of democracy for the purpose of destroying its institutions must be prevented. If the actual use of violence is not to be tolerated, can we afford to tolerate *preparations* for violence? That is the question which confronts those liberals who are ready to welcome to American platforms emissaries of Hitler Germany who come to glorify the accomplishments of National Socialism. The function of these emissaries can only be to present an untrue picture of life under fascism. And the use by the fascist dictators of these "apostles" to the democracies which accord them their platforms, their radio facilities, while the Nazis prohibit their own citizens from listening to foreign opinion, is one of the most valuable weapons in the hands of world fascism, a weapon of which fascism must be deprived if democracy in the United States is not to assist in its own destruction.

TONY SENDER,
DR. KURT ROSENFELD

New York City

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Several readers have noticed the slip of the pen about short-selling in the editorial "Another Curb on Speculation" (February 2). Bernard L. Shapiro of New York City explains that short-selling means contracting for future delivery, at the prevailing market price, of shares which the seller does not own when he makes the contract. . . . Mortimer Taube of Jersey City, New Jersey, makes two objections to Heywood Broun's column about Benjamin Stolberg (January 26): that he has mistakenly attributed the invention of the Trojan Horse to the Trojans instead of the Greeks; that he has not refuted Mr. Stolberg's charges but simply "called him names." . . . Melville Kress of Neville Island, Pennsylvania, writes an enthusiastic letter of praise for Malcolm Cowley's review of Sinclair Lewis' new book "The Prodigal Parents" (January 26) which, he thinks, will break the "hypnotic spell" that heretofore has kept the critics uncritical.

Richard T. Frankensteen, assistant president, and R. J. Thomas, vice-president of the United Automobile Workers, with William L. Munger, managing editor of The United Automobile Worker, send us a letter addressed to Heywood Broun. They criticize Mr. Broun's comments about Homer Martin, especially those in his January 26 column in The New Republic, which they regard as "unprincipled attacks on a fellow trade unionist." . . . Mrs. Mollie Tarter of Elmhurst, New York, suggests that the tremendous sums the United States is spending on armament might better be devoted to research into the so-called "incurable" diseases. . . . Ruth Morris of New York City describes the difficulties the New York Federal Theatre is having in finding enough good plays to produce. The difficulty, she feels, is not so much with the play material at hand as with the people at work making selections and planning productions. . . . The New Theatre League, 132 West Forty-third Street, New York City, announces a contest for one-act plays on social themes and short skits with emphasis on satire, comedy and humorous material, which will close on May 1. Interested readers may obtain further information from the League's offices.

Hubert Herring, director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, writes of the plan for the Mid-Winter Institute, a study trip to Mexico under the direction of Mrs. Harriet Webb Libby.

What's on the Air?

Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan speaks on Lincoln Day, Saturday, February 12, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach of Washington speaks on "Japanese Invasion of Our Fisheries," Saturday, February 12, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Earl McKinley, dean of the School of Medicine of George Washington University, speaks on recent progress in science, Wednesday, February 16, 7:45 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Secretary of War Harry F. Woodring speaks on "National Defense," Friday, February 18, 6:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera Company's broadcast of Verdi's "Otello," Saturday, February 12, NBC-Blue Network; dramatizations of two Modern Age Books, "Odysseus" and "Twelve Against the Gods," Saturday, February 12, 9:30 P.M., WABC; John Barbirolli conducts the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, February 13, 3 P.M., CBS; the Rochester Civic Orchestra conducted by Guy Fraser Harrison, Monday, February 14, 3 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy conducting, Monday, February 14, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Books in Review

Abyssinia and Spain

ENID STARKIE, who wrote the best English life of Baudelaire, is now working on a long biography of Rimbaud. While looking for information about the eleven years he spent in Abyssinia (1880-91), she read the books of all the travelers who had visited the country, besides digging through the records of the British Foreign Office; and she found so much material that she decided to publish it as a separate monograph.[1] Much of her book deals with the obscure diplomatic maneuvers of those years when England, Italy and France were politely quarreling for the Red Sea coast, and young King Menelek was making and breaking promises to all three powers. Rimbaud had some part in these intrigues, but a smaller part than he was qualified to play. He spent most of his time exchanging contraband rifles for coffee, ivory and—on at least one occasion—slaves.

Those interested in Rimbaud the poet will find that Miss Starkie tells a melancholy story. He had forsaken literature partly with the aim of realizing in life the dreams that he had once expressed in his poems. He now wanted to become a great adventurer and a millionaire; he went ragged and hungry and risked his life almost daily to achieve these two ambitions. But his whole career in Africa was a series of failures. He worked for a merchant in Aden, saving most of his pitiful salary until he had money enough to buy a caravan of rifles and smuggle them to King Menelek. But the king cheated him and he lost half his capital. He tried to get a contract from the French Geographical Society for articles dealing with Abyssinia, but he wasn't sufficiently famous. He knew more about the topography, languages and customs of the country than any other European of his day, yet he couldn't get an assignment as a newspaper correspondent during the first Italo-Abyssinian war. After 1886 he was a simple African trader, distinguished from the others not by his genius for poetry—he never even talked about that—but by his peasant hardfistedness and his real affection for the natives. Nothing of the younger Rimbaud had survived except his pride, which still led him into quarrels. He fell sick in the spring of 1891 and had to liquidate his business. After twenty years of dogged effort, and literally at the cost of his life, he had accumulated a little less than $7,500. The moral for poets seems to be: write poems and let others make the fortunes.

Even in his death, Rimbaud the adventurer was frustrated. He wanted to go back to Africa, and dictated a letter to a steamship company: "I am almost completely paralyzed, and so I wish to embark early. Please let me know at what time I should be carried on board." The next day he was dead. In his will he left 3,000 francs to his Negro servant Djami, who was, except for his sister, the only person in the world whom he loved. Djami died before receiving the legacy.

[1] Arthur Rimbaud in Abyssinia, by Enid Starkie. New York: The Oxford University Press. 164 pages. $3.

THERE isn't much doubt that Herbert L. Matthews is the best of the American newspaper correspondents in Spain. Several of his colleagues have been first-rate: James Minifie of The New York Herald Tribune, Laurence Fernsworth of the Associated Press, Edgar and Richard Mowrer of The Chicago News, Ernest Hemingway in his accurate pictures of men fighting and Jay Allen in his dispatches to The Chicago Tribune during the early days of the rebellion. But these others have been shifted about or recalled by their home offices, whereas Matthews has been on the scene almost continuously since December, 1936. Writing for The New York Times, he gets more space than any other paper could give him, and he has taken full advantage of it.

He isn't the sort of correspondent who sits at his desk and waits for handouts from the government press bureau. When there is any question of which side holds a certain hill or town or road, he drives to the front and goes over the ground for himself. By now everybody knows how he crossed the Arganda Bridge under fire (with Irving Pflaum of the United Press) and how he rode into Teruel on the very day when his colleague on The Times, Mr. William P. Carney, was jubilating in a front-page story over its recapture by Franco. When Matthews tells what he saw, his facts can be trusted in preference to any government communiqué. When he tells what others saw, he does his best to verify the information. When he offers a comment, it makes sense to those who have been in Spain since the war began. When he risks a prophecy—which is seldom—it is not going to be proved ridiculous by the events of the next day or week or month.

His book—"Two Wars and More to Come"[2]—is as honest as his daily dispatches, but to me it seemed rather less impressive. A good half of it is concerned with his adventures during the Italian conquest of Abyssinia (when, by the way, he crossed the same desert in an airplane that Rimbaud had traveled on foot). It was his first war assignment and he approached it in a romantic spirit—there were discomforts, yes, and actual danger; the corpses at Mai Ceu smelled to high heaven; but the invasion as a whole was a "gorgeous picnic" and it gave him an "overwhelming realization of why men want to be soldiers." Afterwards he was decorated by the Italian government. In Spain he was reporting another sort of war, and from the opposite side. This second half of his book is so much deeper and more sympathetic and better informed politically that it might have been written by a different man. My chief complaint as a reader was that it kept too close to his newspaper articles. Their value hadn't been impaired by the passing months and there was some interesting material omitted by The Times, but for the most part I was covering familiar ground.

Then too I felt the lack of a guiding principle. In a newspaper we are satisfied to read about events with just enough interpretation to continue the story from yesterday

[2] Two Wars and More to Come, by Herbert L. Matthews. New York: Carrick and Evans. 318 pages. $2.50.

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or last week, but in a book we expect something more and are disappointed when we fail to receive it. Perhaps Matthews has been handicapped by the nature of his job. He is writing for a paper that has very little sympathy for the Loyalists and very great sympathy for the British Foreign Office. His best line of defense against criticism by his employers would be to state the facts, suppress opinions and draw the smallest possible number of generalities. Even then, if the facts were too eloquent, he would still run the risk of having his dispatches mutilated by Franco's friends on the copy desk. Another correspondent might do his daily work with his tongue in his cheek and save his real opinions for later. But Matthews can't divide himself into two people, a liar and an honest man: his character is all of a piece. Under the limitations imposed by the Spanish censorship and the home office, he still tells the truth. But having accepted these limitations, he lets them apply to all his work. He tells the same story from Paris that he tells from Madrid (unlike Mr. Carney) and the same story in his book that he tells in his daily dispatches. The dispatches are vastly better for that reason. The book suffers, but perhaps it suffers less than my remarks on it have implied. For anyone who wants a true picture of the Spanish war, it is required reading.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Rift in Heine

Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet, by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 416 pages. $3.75. The Poems: 474 pages. $2.75.

IT IS a commonly accepted notion that Heine's was a divided, discordant personality. The fact, if it is a fact, might reasonably be ascribed to the times. Heine's not long life spanned an era of revolutions and wars. There was a clash of ideas as well as of classes and state-systems—reason enough for doubts and confusion and turmoil in anybody's mind. But Mr. Untermeyer attributes the supposed rift in Heine's nature largely to his Jewish origin. Because he was a Jew, Heine did not feel at home in the Germany to which he gave some of her most exquisite folksongs. In his youth Heine wrote a few poems on Jewish subjects. He also began the composition of a novel dealing with Jewish life in medieval Germany, which remained a fragment. Again, toward the end of his life, he published out of his mattress-grave the "Hebrew Melodies." In youth he identified himself with "Almansor," Moorish foe of the Christians; in his declining years, with "Yehuda ben Halevy," Hebrew poet of the Spanish-Moorish period. Throughout his life he employed Jewish motifs in verse and in prose. Thus Mr. Untermeyer establishes his thesis.

Suppose Heine had never written a line on a Jewish subject and had carefully avoided any allusion to his Jewish descent. Then Mr. Untermeyer could have pointed to that fact as conclusive evidence that Heine's origin was a source of annoyance to him and contributed to his undoing.

The simple truth is that Heine was Jewish and German and French (his boyhood was lived under French rule) and European. He took his subjects as he needed them, whatever the source: "Rhampsenit" came out of ancient Egypt, "Vitzliputzli" and "Bimini" out of the New World just discovered. In the latter he identified himself with Ponce de Leon, in "Firdusi" with the Persian poet. His culture and his sympathies were universal. That is one reason why, after eighty years, his best work is so appealing, so modern.

In the course of his life Heine was engaged in several quarrels: literary quarrels with Platen and Börne, quarrels about money with his millionaire uncle and the uncle's heir. Mr. Untermeyer finds Heine invariably in the wrong. His attitude reminds one of Leland, Heine's chief English translator, who never ceased apologizing for Heine's transgressions against the code sacred to philistines. Mr. Untermeyer is decidedly out of sympathy with the subject of his biography.

But no one who knows him can escape the fascination of Heine. And since Mr. Untermeyer really knows him, his book is instructive and interesting. Some, though not all, of the appreciations of Heine's works are very fine, and the book is packed with memorable utterances by the greatest wit since Voltaire. But a great biography of one whom Frank Harris designated as easily the first among the moderns, it is not.

Concerning "The Poems" it is necessary to say, first, that they contain only a fraction of Heine's poetical works. Of the two longest poems, "Atta Troll" and "Germany," only brief excerpts are given. Of the other longer poems, only "Yehuda ben Halevy" is included, and its fourth canto is omitted. Of the remainder, perhaps one-third or one-fourth is included. The assertion on the jacket that all the censored verses appear as Heine wrote them, is incorrect. Where my German edition deletes lines or stanzas, this collection omits the poems entire.

The translations appear to be most successful in the selections from the "North Sea" cycles, which are in free verse. The quality of the others is most uneven. Take, for example, the first stanza of the "Lorelei." In English prose it reads: "I know not what it signifies that I am so sad; a tale of olden days—it will not out of my head." Mr. Untermeyer renders it:

> I cannot tell why this imagined
> Despair has fallen on me;
> The ghost of an ancient legend
> That will not let me be.

In Heine's poem the mood is of sadness, not despair; it is real, not imagined; and the story, too, is real, not a ghost. One more illustration—the first sonnet to Friederike. In formal, stately measures the poet invites the lady to go with him to India, to the banks of the Ganges, where the lotus flowers rise to Indra's castle, the ever-blue (Mr. Untermeyer appears to think that Indra's castle is a mountain!), etc. There will he kneel before her and say to her: "Madame, you are the loveliest of women!" Mr. Untermeyer renders the last line: "Loveliness, be my dream and my delight," which destroys the entire effect, so characteristically Heinesque.

Heine is reported to have said of Gerald de Nerval's translations of his poems that they were moonbeams packed in straw. I cannot imagine what he would have said of Mr. Untermeyer's performances. A simple prose translation would seem to me preferable. The music would be gone, but the meaning, and even the shades of meaning, would be preserved.

HERMAN SIMPSON

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The Grand Tradition

What Man Has Made of Man, by Mortimer J. Adler. With an Introduction by Franz Alexander. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 266 pages. $3.50.

MORTIMER J. ADLER is a sign and a portent. What prompts me to this reflection, however, is not the actual contents of his latest book, though I think his significance as a sign of the times appears more clearly in this book than ever before. It is not even the intimate bearing of his notions on the noisy educational campaign of Robert Hutchins, though I rather think the relationship goes deep. Deeper still, I fear, is the relation of both Hutchins and Adler to one of the most singular paradoxes of modern civilization: the disposition of a certain type of mind to turn back from the difficulties of scientific and democratic progress to the grand tradition of philosophic certainty and the sort of education that left an unmistakable stamp on its fortunate recipients.

"What Man Has Made of Man" consists of four lectures on science, philosophy, psychology and psychoanalysis (121 pages), followed by a "sequil" à la Plupy Shute of "things which ain't finished in the first" (111 pages). The lectures are presented as a series of theses with indented subheads and sub-subheads like the sermons of the author's heroes, the medieval scholiasts; and the sequel consists of notes *ad lib* on points which on rereading seemed to merit ampler treatment.

Mr. Adler begins his first lecture, on science, by quietly dismissing the social sciences from consideration and, along with them, the whole social content of human life. Consequently, when he reaches the problem of psychology, toward the middle of his second lecture, he can triumphantly defy science to account for the uniqueness of human behavior (within the limits he had, some time ago, arbitrarily imposed on the discussion). Since science is of course unable to meet his test (without mention of language or indeed any socially transmitted behavior content), Mr. Adler dismisses it forthwith. From this demonstration it seems to him to follow that science has given us gadgets but not understanding, in particular of our most proper and important study, man. This defect can be remedied only when philosophy has reasserted its dialectical priority to science and a master-dialectician has arisen to do for the modern world what, he thinks, St. Thomas did for the medieval world.

As many critics have exhibited, it is easy enough to poke holes in this fake medievalism. Obviously Mr. Adler is not prepared to expound such a philosophy as he invokes any more than Mr. Hutchins is prepared to put it into production as actual teaching material. It is as yet an unattained ideal. Mr. Hutchins denounces contemporary education for not unifying and synthesizing modern civilization as, so he says, medieval thought did synthesize and unify medieval civilization. This is a deplorable lack which can only be remedied, he thinks, by the study of the synthesis of medieval culture.

But the supposed unity of medieval culture is of course only a matter of opinion, traditional, orthodox opinion, just as the supposed validity of the Thomistic "synthesis" is the orthodox tradition with regard to that medieval writer's work. Both had been riddled by modern historical scholarship long before the present revival. Somewhere within itself, after all, medieval civilization carried the embryo of modern capitalism—a strange condition for the Perfectly Integrated Culture to be in; and some have said that the Thomistic synthesis consisted precisely in reconciling to the Eternal Law of God the actuality of social conflict and confusion: for example, in showing how money could be loaned at interest without violating the canon against usury.

Alas, such criticism is too easy. Whatever its effect on the Chicago group, it is no defense of modern civilization. If things are not as they should be among us, it makes no difference that somebody is wrong in imagining that everything was jake seven hundred years ago. And certainly things are not as they should be. Furthermore, I rather think that Messrs. Adler and Hutchins are right as to what is wrong. The difficulty goes beyond science (that is, beyond any particular science) and affects the principle by which all thinking and all living must be guided. This shows very clearly in the study of the law, in which both Mr. Adler and Mr. Hutchins have been engaged for some years. As everybody knows, our law schools are beset by two conflicting theories of law: one that the law is the rational and consistent if not perfect product of the pure intellect; the other that law is the inconsistent, confused and perpetually changing reflection of the social convictions of lawmakers and judges. The latter, of course, is the view to which we have been led by modern science, psychology, psychoanalysis and all the rest. It makes the conflict of actual laws intelligible. But on this view what becomes of the majesty of the law?

My answer is another question: Who cares about majesty? What we require is more order in our workaday existence, not a restoration of grandeur to a legal fiction. Granted that science contributes nothing to the majesty of the law: does it make no contribution to the ordering of workaday existence? Mr. Adler protests that "Technology has failed to bring peace on earth." Has it brought war then, or is war the work of majesty? It seems to me that industrial nations make war not because they are industrial but because they are nations. Science has made them industrial. Science and industry are themselves orderly in a workaday fashion and are quite capable of ordering the working life of all mankind—except for the exactions of majesty and grandeur.

Thomism unquestionably supports grandeur. It was in fact the most grandiose apotheosis of legal fiction ever contrived by the perverse ingenuity of the human mind, and if that is what Mr. Adler requires, I am forced to conclude that his concern is not with peace and order in any workaday sense but with majesty and grandeur. And I have my doubts about Mr. Hutchins. What he deplores in contemporary education, it seems to me, is its lack not of vitality but of authority. Never was education more vitally effective than today—as witness Mr. Hutchins' eager public. But it is so hard today to tell who is educated and who isn't. Things were different when every gentleman recited Homer, or when all scholarship was composed of Aristotle and St. Thomas. But if authority, grandeur, majesty, are what we want—well, Hitler and Mussolini work a whole lot faster.

C. E. AYRES

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Kipling's American Quarrel

Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud, by Frederic Van de Water. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $1.25.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S QUARREL with his brother-in-law was a pivotal episode in his life. In his autobiography, he skips it completely; and it is valuable to have Mr. Van de Water's account, derived from an apparently unique burst of confidence on the part of Beatty Balestier. Kipling, who had been born in India and learned his trade there, seems never to have been quite at home in England; after his marriage with an American woman, he came to live in the United States. He built himself a big house in Vermont and began to write about American subjects. He was interested less in England—less interested even, at that time, in would seem, in English imperialist expansion—than in the new English-speaking world outside England in general.

But in Vermont he continued to live the life of the traditional governing-class Englishman maintaining his caste in the colonies. Mrs. Kipling, who had lived in England, appears to have become heavily Anglicized. They drove a tandem with a top-hatted English coachman, dressed every night for dinner, and kept their New England neighbors at a distance. But Mrs. Kipling had a ne'er-do-well brother, who—the family had been originally French—was as Americanized as possible. The Kiplings lent him money, but seem to have treated him with some lack of consideration. Kipling himself was sufficiently indiscreet to talk patronizingly about his brother-in-law in the village. One day, meeting Kipling on the road, Balestier cut him off with his team and caused him to fall off his bicycle. "See here: I want to talk to you!" said Balestier. "If you have anything to say," replied Kipling, "say it to my lawyer." Balestier was drunk and profane: he threatened, according to Kipling, to kill him—according to Balestier, merely to beat him up—if he would not retract certain things he was supposed to have said about him. Kipling proceeded to have his brother-in-law arrested on charges of "assault with indecent and opprobrious names and epithets and threatening to kill." Frightened back behind the defense of the middle-class Englishman, he did not realize that that kind of thing was not done in the United States. The wicked Balestier was delighted: he allowed the case to come into court, watched Kipling, who hated publicity, make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the press.

Before the matter went to the grand jury, the Kiplings fled abroad. When they later attempted to return, they were met as soon as they landed in New York by the threat of a counter-suit by Balestier for "malicious persecution, false arrest and defamation of character," which prevented them from going back to Vermont. Kipling had a serious illness; they returned to England and sold the house; and Kipling forever after showed the bitterest resentment toward the United States.

For all his cosmopolitan talk and his travels, he had little real taste for adventure. At the back of all his traffic with the natives in Indian and South Africa and Australia lay the conviction that the authority of England was there to keep everything straight. In America, where this authority failed him, he did not know what to do. EDMUND WILSON

A behind-the-scenes account of the international poker game developing from Italy's imperial ambitions

ITALY Against The WORLD

by George Martelli

AT A TIME when European events are increasingly tense, this complete and impartial account of Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia and the international situation developing from it holds special interest. Reading it, one has no doubt of the roles played by the great nations involved. Moreover, the principal actors are well described—the dethroned Emperor, Mussolini, M. Laval, Messrs. Baldwin and Eden, Sir Samuel Hoare, and the principal Italian soldiers. Amazing stuff is taken from the disclosures of Marshal de Bono, who must have written his records under the impression that Americans and Britishers never read Italian. Also, here is a revealing account of the manoeuverings at Geneva. The author in his capacity of correspondent to the London *Morning Post* was a witness to many of the events he describes. His book compares in some respects to Harold Nicholson's studies of European diplomacy.

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To the North

Hell on Ice, by Commander Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 431 pages. $2.75.

THE MOST TERRIFIC ADVENTURE ever heard about could not have been properly told, hardly could have been believed, if George Washington DeLong's expedition (1879-82) into the Arctic through Bering Sea had not ended in so much death, bad blood and slander that Congress put one of its famous investigating committees to work rolling up 1,100 pages of evidence. In bald outline, the thing is too fantastic; yet the more the details of disaster are filled in, the farther it exceeds belief. Nevertheless, Edward Ellsberg has sifted the evidence to bring that whole expedition back to life. A naval engineer himself, he tells the story through DeLong's engineer; a clear, even vivid, writer on both the human and technical side of fields in which he is an authority, he has turned that expedition into one of the world's epics, less reliant on fiction and more terrible in intensity than the whole "Bounty" cycle.

The "Jeannette" was a little steam bark loaded down to the water's edge with supplies and heavy reinforcement against ice pressure, outfitted by James Gordon Bennett but commissioned by the navy. DeLong struck for the Pole with her, relying on prevalent false theories. He got started late and made slow progress; he was frozen in just above latitude 70° (previous Atlantic polar expeditions had already reached 83°). They were in the ice all that winter, constantly menaced by the yelling movements of pack ice and floe bergs as big as office buildings, and all the next summer, and the winter following that. The pack took them north and east toward Siberia. Disproving the previous theory that freezing at low temperatures purifies salt water for drinking, they rigged up a distiller in time to stave off death by scurvy; springing a leak, they worked till men dropped at the pumps to get a boiler rigged and steam up for pumping, then made a rough windmill to save coal. Two black winters, with nothing but their own company, and the fierce cold, and winds so violent that scoured particles of ice would fill the air like a sandstorm.

Then at the end of the second winter the "Jeannette" was crushed and they abandoned ship to start the three-month trek to Siberia. But that was no ice for skating. Under terrific pressures the shifting tons of floes and bergs had been heaved up into a jagged wasteland all around, the ice so flinty it would turn the blade of an axe. With tons of provisions and three boats, with the shoes cut from their feet and no shelter from the sub-zero weather, they manhandled those crude sledges twelve hours a day, until they dropped, ate a few ounces of cold pemmican, lay down on the ice too cold to sleep—all to make a mile and a quarter, a mile, less. After eight hideous days and only five miles made to the south, DeLong found himself twenty-five actual miles farther *north* on the drifting pack. On top of that the rains set in. As the pack broke with summer, the going became treacherous, and by the time they took to the open boats, you would say that there was nothing more for the human spirit to endure, that any conceivable horror would be anticlimax. Yet in the last hundred miles to Siberia, in the storm which sank Chipp's boat and all but swamped the others, the rations got smaller and conditions worse—men's feet, hands and legs cracked and turned black, the flesh festering and falling off, and some of them no longer could lift an arm. Melville's party got through; of DeLong's boatload only two survived the last stages of starvation and exposure in the Lena Delta, where Melville found the rest after looking most of that winter, DeLong's journal beside him, kept day by day up until the final entry recorded the last fact but one: "Mr. Collins is dying."

The book is remarkable for its completeness, its fascinating detail (Melville's half-day fight to get the pump going before they foundered, for example), its picture of a weird unknown world. As to the suffering, terror, almighty endurance and will, comment is useless. Nothing like it has been conceived in the wildest fancy and seldom, in the history of the world, experienced by any who lived to tell of it.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Big Show

Bread and Circuses: A Study of Federal Theatre, by Willson Whitman. New York: The Oxford University Press. 195 pages. $1.75.

THAT THE FEDERAL THEATRE is the largest central theatrical organization in the world today is a fact which even the most resentful taxpayer cannot deny. Nor can it be denied that the Federal Theatre brought into being an audience and a general public consciousness of the theatre as a whole at a time when the routine theatrical business in America was at a low ebb. Politically it has had a double importance. On the practical side it has raised the problem of the validity or value of a government-subsidized national theatre; ideologically it has brought to a head the very vital question of the theatre as tool or weapon of a political belief or party. Inevitably, then, the first full-length book on the Federal Theatre is of importance.

Books on the theatre are, however, notoriously hard to write from the outside. Even when the authors have been actors or managers, men or women born and bred to the theatre, the books have often been confused, inaccurate and difficult to read. But they have had the vitality that comes only from complete saturation in a subject; they have been rewarding in the way that the conversation of any expert discussing his own field is illuminating.

"Bread and Circuses" is neither inaccurate nor difficult to read. Miss Whitman's point of view is frankly that of a champion of the Federal Theatre. But her book lacks that vitality and sharpness which springs only from an inside, working knowledge of the theatre.

Miss Whitman has been conscientious in her use of available sources. From the Federal Theatre's press books, through interviews with Federal Theatre workers, by occasional personal observation, she has filled her book with authentic information; figures of employment; detailed reviews of Federal Theatre productions, large and small; Federal Theatre anecdotes; quotations from the Federal Theatre's friends and enemies. In her chapter "The Play's the Thing" she discusses at length the demand for "social content," the sectional variations in taste of audiences all over the country. But no amount of conscientious reporting

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can compensate for the lack of real understanding of the social and theatrical problems involved. In spite of the mass of detailed and accurate material, "Bread and Circuses" reads more like a series of newspaper "pieces" than a clear picture of the Federal Theatre at any given time of its development or an organic history of its growth. Yet at this time, when its ideals and activities are conditioned by fear of imminent liquidation, it is important that there should be a widespread knowledge of the achievements of the Federal Theatre. If "Bread and Circuses" serves in any way to spread that knowledge, it was well worth writing.

JOHN HOUSEMAN

New Books: A Reader's List

ONE AMERICAN AND HIS ATTEMPT AT EDUCATION, by Frazier Hunt (Simon and Schuster, $3). A Midwestern newspaperman got his education in covering three revolutions; in coming to know Lenin, Gandhi, Kagawa, Sun Yat-sen; in the electrifying vision of the embattled farmers, auto workers and sharecroppers of America. A candid and absorbing book.

THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF PRINCESS LIEVEN, with Notes and Foreword by Peter Quennell (Dutton, $3.75). A brilliant picture of the court of George IV; a self-portrait of Dorothea Lieven, admired for her beauty and hated for her power in every court in Europe (she wrote these intelligent and witty letters to her lover, Metternich); a record of the fall of Castlereagh and the rise of liberalism.

STRONG MAN OF CHINA, by Robert Berkov (Houghton Mifflin, $3). The life story of Chiang Kai-shek. Neither condoning nor condemning Chiang's repudiation of the popular revolution, Berkov makes his hero a human and understandable figure.

CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS: The Story of Magellan, by Stefan Zweig (Viking $3.50). Courts and kings in a romantic age, five small ships and an indomitable explorer, uncharted seas, tropic heat and frozen wastes, hunger, mutiny, strange lands and peoples, triumph and death, all unified into one heroic exploit.

ANOTHER OPHELIA, by Edwin Lanham (Longmans, Green, $2). A grim tale, told with unquestionable power and tragic intensity. Newspapers frequently carry hints of black horror that strikes down the lives of simple and innocent people. Psychological insight makes this story full-bodied, human and convincing.

ROOT IN THE ROCK, by D. H. Southgate (Knopf, $2.50). A story of Mother India waking up. Simple and moving in its picture of a Brahmin woman whose son breaks away from tradition to become a doctor. Type: "Good Earth."

HARVEST COMEDY, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Three men's destinies interwoven in a kind of fugue, which calls for elaborate coincidence. A diffuse, unhurried novel, with the typical Swinnerton moral implicit in its ending: the characters in the brackets of honesty and intelligence get their quota of happiness.

THE IDAHO ENCYCLOPEDIA, prepared by the Federal Writers' Project (Caxton, $5). A vast compendium of

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material on physical geography, history, industry, government, cities, ghost towns and art activities, all made easily accessible by clear and careful arrangement.

THE CRIMINALS WE DESERVE, by Henry T. F. Rhodes (Oxford, $2.50). Thesis: our anti-social economic system is responsible for most anti-social behavior; our mass-production society has resulted in the mass-production of criminals, with many of their activities efficiently organized on big-business lines. Plus a very interesting account of the major branches of law-breaking as they are conducted today.

THE STORY OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY EXPLORATION, by Charles E. Key (Knopf, $3.50). The great exploits of Stefansson, Byrd and other modern explorers of Africa, Borneo, the Arctic, Central Asia. Sixteen fine photographs, twelve maps, a good index.

THE PEOPLES WANT PEACE, by Elias Tobenkin (Putnam, $2.75). With the thesis that another great war is impossible (because the underlying sentiments of the masses in fifteen countries), the author looks forward to a Swedish, "middle-way" capitalism. One part observation; one part anonymous quotation; two parts wish-fulfilment.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who is well known to readers of The New Republic for his articles on politics and current affairs, lives in Washington, D. C.

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HERMAN SIMPSON, formerly an editor of the Socialist daily, The New York Call, is a frequent contributor to The New Republic.

C. E. AYRES is a professor of Economics at the University of Texas.

EDMUND WILSON'S forthcoming book, "The Triple Thinkers," a collection of essays, is scheduled for publication on March 17 by Harcourt, Brace.

JOHN HOUSEMAN, co-director with Orson Welles of the Mercury Theatre, was the producer of "Panic" and of Gertrude Stein's opera, "Four Saints in Three Acts."

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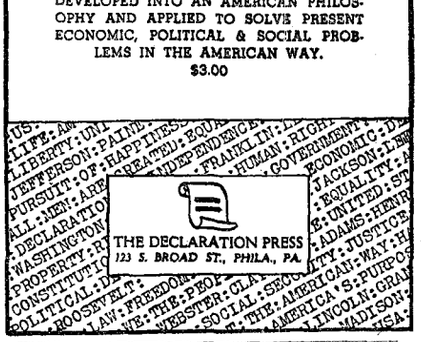
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